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A MIDDLE-AGED ROMANCE.

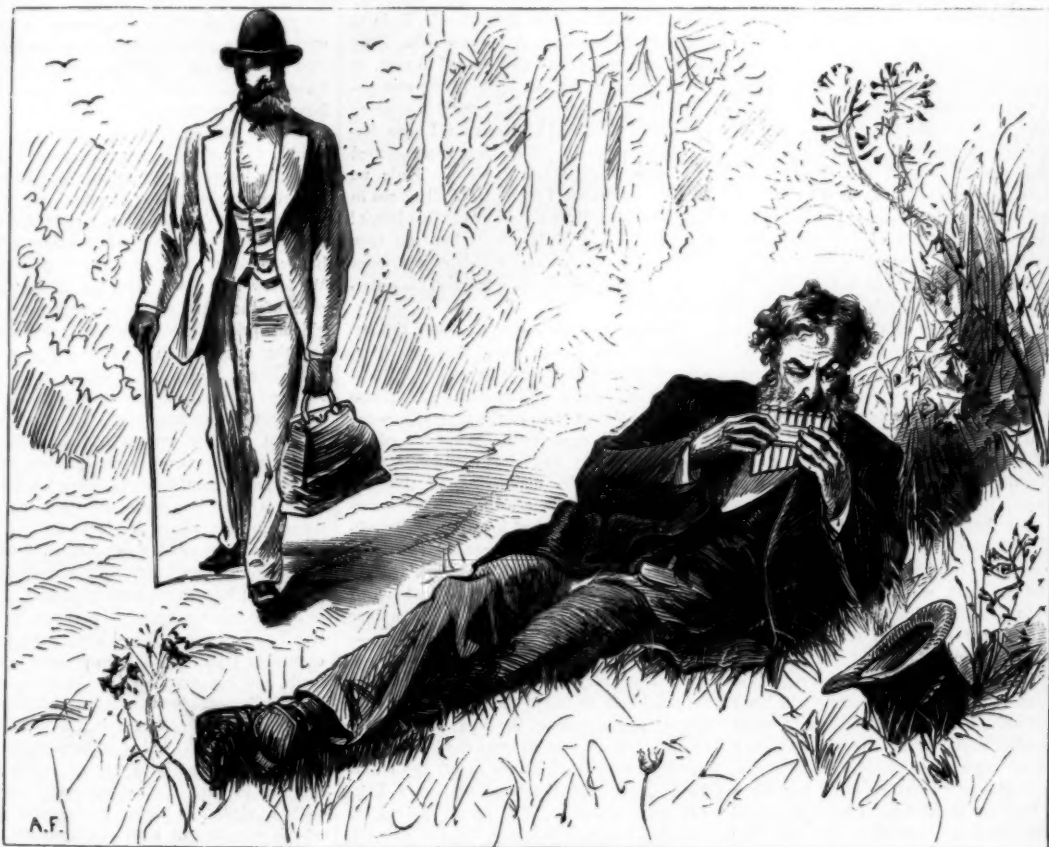
A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

I.

"SEVEN-AND-FORTY, my dear madam, if he is a day! I grant you, he looks younger, but I've known the family ever since I wore pinafores, and I'm not mistaken

me. I do not mean to say, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, "I knew 'twas I, for many do call me fool," because, among men at least, I am esteemed a sensible, shrewd fellow; but I was still writhing under the remembrance of a conversation which the free-spoken Miss Jar-

roverhearing her flattering comments. I was stretched upon the broken-down bench in the garden at Eade's Villa, and Miss Jarrell was "ventilating her mind," an occupation she particularly enjoyed, under the apple-trees, on the other



COLONEL EADE, OF EADE'S VILLA.

in his age. And, really, I cannot see that a man of forty-seven has any particular call to play the fool, though the girl is pretty, and well-educated besides."

I recognized the voice of my friend Miss Jarrell, and I knew that she was speaking of

rall had honored me with that very morning, when she thought it her duty to offer me advice that I thought proper to decline to hear. Of course, therefore, she was prepared to say some severe truths about me, and I could not have been more favorably placed for

side of the ragged gooseberry-hedge that screened us from each other. She should have been taking her *siesta*, for it was three o'clock of an August afternoon.

Do you suppose that I folded my tent, like the Arab, and silently stole away, as the

strictly virtuous say an honorable man should do, under the circumstances? I did what was wiser far; I preferred the part of the brave and sensible man: I lay still and listened.

In spite of the truisms about a nice sense of honor, and so forth, I do not hesitate to declare that nine men in ten would have done the same, and the tenth would have been a fool, indeed, or a coward, to retire; for, let me tell you, it requires no small amount of wisdom and of nerve to listen deliberately and placidly to the honest opinions our friends express when our backs are turned. However, I will do Miss Jarrall the justice to say that she would speak no worse of a friend in his absence than she would in his presence, and the world in general was welcome to her opinions. Had she desired to keep her sentiments a secret, she would not have chosen that spot to proclaim them; and, for my own part, being a man of nerve, and not easily daunted by "the slings and arrows of outrageous"—woman, I did not hesitate to take advantage of the opportunity; for, indeed, it behooved me to become acquainted with her "tactics."

Yes; I knew beyond peradventure that Miss Jarrall meant me; was I not seven-and-forty? and, although she had not alluded to that fact, was I not also slightly—*bold*? "Some relish of the saltiness of time," I did admit; but it had never occurred to me, until she spoke, that I could be making a fool of myself, and the suggestion was far from pleasant. Not that I accepted Miss Jarrall's decisions, in any case, as final, but I knew that her sentiments would be echoed by every acquaintance I had in the world, to say nothing of my friends; for, apparently, Miss Jarrall had sufficient reason for her unflattering insinuations. If to lose one's self in a dream of bliss, such as may be dreamed once in a lifetime, be to play the fool, why, I plead guilty to the charge, and I decline to blush for my folly. The only retaliation in my power was to convert my dream of bliss into a blissful reality, in spite of Miss Jarrall; for he that wins, you know, may laugh. As to recrimination, that I knew it would be vain to attempt. Miss Jarrall had never been guilty of a foolish act or word in her life; and, though she was two years my senior, where would have been the sting of any sarcasm on my part, while she published the fact gratuitously? When a woman is invulnerable on that point, you may safely conclude that her emotions, and what is commonly called her mind, are too well regulated to succumb to the clumsy attacks of the lords of creation. I knew better than to cross swords with Miss Jarrall; she is too clever a woman for any man to offend with impunity, and I would much rather have her for a friend than for an enemy. I knew very well that she might have said more than she did; but she graciously stopped short of obloquy and contempt, for which I was duly grateful, as she was talking to Mrs. Dorne. Mrs. Dorne, though she is my sister Eleanor's friend, is my aversion. I knew that she was Miss Jarrall's companion, because she purred so like a discreet cat that I could not hear a word of rejoinder. Mrs. Dorne is far too cautious to risk an opinion under precarious circum-

stances; but she has ears, and quick ones. I'll swear that she drank in with avidity every word that Miss Jarrall uttered, and asked for more.

The girl Miss Jarrall spoke of was little Jennie Eade, my wild-rose, my eglantine, my sweet-brier, as I called her in those days, for it must be borne in mind that I was but forty-seven. I do not know how old La Fontaine was when he wrote to the Duchesse de Bouillon—

"Pour moi le temps d'aimer est passé, je l'avoue,"

but I am satisfied, from internal evidence, that he must have been considerably past forty-seven.

I have been in love, they tell me, a great many times, and I do not deny that in "my salad days, when I was green in judgment," I have raved for a whole week over a pair of deep, dark eyes; that I have waxed eloquent over a shower of golden curls; that I have even perpetrated verses in honor of a queenly form; but those were different attributes of different women. With my hand upon my heart (Miss Jarrall calls it a fossil; but "to err is human")—with my hand upon my heart, I do affirm that little Jennie Eade is the only woman that ever concentrated my affections; and then I had ceased to rave, to be eloquent, or to put faith in my own poetry; did I, therefore—did I for this deserve to be libeled—a fool? However, I have forgiven Miss Jarrall. I am not disappointed in Jennie, though she is Jennie Eade no longer, and though I met her, of all places in the world, at a little country boarding-house! Happily for me, Eade's Villa had not then abdicated its quaint and primitive character for the illusory glories of a fashionable watering-place.

Summer resorts seldom possess the attractions they claim; or, if they do, there are a thousand drawbacks to render null and void all the natural and artificial advantages so eloquently set forth in the advertisements. I speak from experience, having danced attendance on my five sisters summer after summer, from the mountains to the seashore, and from the sea-shore to the mountains, until I have sighed heartily for that oft-quoted lodge in the wilderness. I thought I was sighing for the unattainable, but when at last Louisa married, Fortune favored me. I discovered, quite accidentally, the most unique retreat that ever tourist stumbled upon—a place remote, solitary, and altogether *sui generis*; a country house by the border of an artificial lake, in one of those valleys between the straggling spurs of the great Appalachian chain. I could not conceal the locality if I would, for Eade's Villa is in all the guide-books now, and the fame of Eade's Lake has gone abroad. The name, indeed, is changed, and very properly, for the place is not the same. If you go there now, you will not have to walk five miles from Pomona Station, as I did; a gorgeous bus will "rattle you over the stones," and, for any thing I know to the contrary, a brass band will herald your approach with *Il segreto per esser felice*: and, though you will find many things exactly as I describe them, you will not be permitted to enjoy the peculiar features of

the place in peace, for there is now, I am told, an *exhibitor* to show you over the grounds, and to translate the Latin titles attached to the curiosities of the museum; and whereas, in the time of my sojourn in that primitive paradise, there was for hire, in all the region round, but one forlorn and picturesque beast of burden, to wit, a vicious mustang pony, there are now horses and wagons, whose drivers are too enterprising to permit you to enjoy a ramble over the hills on foot. They have a way, these watering-place Jehus, of making you feel so shabby to be walking, when you might have a horse and wagon and take your friends to ride; and, as at these places everybody is your friend, this is the appalling feature of these fashionable resorts. I shall never go to Eade's Villa again until the hand of Desolation is laid upon it, and the dreadful row of cottages on the shore of the lake is demolished; I wish to preserve intact the memory of the one blissful summer I passed there while as yet it was "to fashion and to fame unknown."

My visit to the place was unpremeditated. Accidental I cannot call it, in view of all that befell me there. One memorable summer, my youngest sister, Louisa, having suddenly consented to reward Sam Lane's constancy just in time to escape being numbered among "the free maids that weave their thread with bones," I found myself, somewhat to my discomfort I will confess, free to drift where I would; for my nephew and namesake, Laurence, had consented to relieve me of the responsibility of escorting his mother and sisters from one Vanity Fair to another. A man that recovers his liberty after long years of bondage, does not know what to do with it. We know how it was with the life-long prisoner of the Bastille, how he wept when that gloomy prison was demolished, and sighed for the dungeon that habit had rendered home-like. As for me, I would gladly have followed Louisa and her spouse, if they had not been so embarrassingly affectionate. I did not wish, to remain at home, for our Southern seaports are warm quarters during the summer months; and I, being "a Brother of the Angle," was haunted by a vision of a mountain-lake, whose limpid waters had never reflected the shadow of a *panier*. I wished to go where I could not hear of fashion and propriety; but where, save in dreams, was I to find so blest a spot? In sheer desperation I packed my valise—I had sworn not to encumber myself with a trunk—and started forth, one hot morning late in June, as we prosaically say, *at random*; but, as the Orientals so poetically express it, I went "by the way of *Bab Allah*;" that is, through the gate God opens, a charming way to travel, when one has leisure. Yet, at my age, I confess with a sigh, "*le plaisir d'aller sans savoir où*" is annulled by what the fantastic Jean Jacques so pithily calls "*le besoin d'arriver*."

Some one had recommended a town, a village, a mere hamlet in reality, called Clayburg, situated on the banks of a mountain-stream, where I don't deny that, by "patient search and vigil long," one might possibly catch a trout in the course of a summer. My plan, vague and undeveloped, but perfect in its way, as you shall see, was to stop at this

obscure place, and thence to make omnivagant excursions through the surrounding country, until some fortunate circumstance should direct my steps to that *ultima Thule* I fondly hope to find. I decided against Clayburg, however, when within thirty miles of the town. That plan alone is perfect which permits of unhesitating and unregretful surrender, you will readily acknowledge.

We had escaped from the balsamic odors of the pine-barrens, and their voice of mystery; we had left unlamented the dreary and forbidding sand-hills; and we were beginning at last to expand our lungs in the exhilarating atmosphere of a higher region, when some accident to the engine detained us at Pomona Station.

What perverse and whimsical genius, in propriety's despite, acts as nomenclator to this afflicted continent? Pomona, to the best of my recollection, was interested in gardens and orchards; but, unless I accept a solitary sloe-bush struggling for existence on the brink of a treacherous gully, there were no evidences of her fostering care around that lone but brilliant station-house named in her honor.

I remember the feeling of awe with which the Great Stone Mountain in De Kalb County, Georgia, inspired me. It burst upon my startled vision like a phantom. Vast, solitary, mysterious, and abrupt, it looks like some abandoned folly of the giants. The same feeling, but with a difference, seized me at the unexpected sight of that remarkable wayside structure, branded above its gaping door with the name Pomona Station, and covered with gorgeous advertisements of patent medicines. We came upon it suddenly as we turned a curve, and it looked like an appalling apparition conjured up by the demoniac scream of the locomotive.

This building is a variety of the perpendicular style, which, for the sake of precision, I will take the liberty to designate as the calico stripe, a name irresistibly suggested by the contrast in color between the wide planks, which are stained a dingy blue, and the narrow battens covering their line of contact, which are painted a rich, brownish red. The roof, a violent exaggeration of the steepest Gothic, springs up madly into the air, brandishing a lightning-rod with tragic effect, as though it would defy the most daring urchin to climb its precipitous ascent. Pomona Station deserves some notice as a favorable specimen of that improved taste in architecture, which, in answer to the prayer of the enthusiast, is rapidly spreading through the land; the beautiful struggling for expression! With what inarticulate emotion the "dusty-footed" populace of this Boeotian district must have gazed, for the first time, upon that architectural revelation! Wonder, within due bounds, the philosopher tells us, is a pleasurable emotion; and we ought to know, for we hear it so often that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." I am not surprised, therefore, to learn that the good people thereabout invariably linger on the brow of the hill beyond to bestow a parting gaze of admiration upon the (where shall I find an epithet? *Unparalleled* I cannot truthfully term those stripes of blue and red! Ah, I have it!)—the banner-like

edifice. Banner-like is good; for Pomona Station, with its stripes and its sign-board, and its gaudy advertisements, is more like "a banner with a strange device," than any building I ever saw.

Road, to or from this lovely isolation, there was none—at least, so I thought at first, but, upon intense scrutiny, I descried a half-obiterated wagon-track, leading through the tangled undergrowth. There is nothing so tempting to an adventurous spirit as a path running through an unknown wood. I no sooner beheld that way of escape than Clayburg became hateful to me. Resolved into its etymological elements, what was Clayburg but a city of mud? I would none of it! It was ten o'clock of a bright June morning, and no mortal could tell how long we might be detained in presence of that atrocious station-house that would be looked at. "*Le bœuf d'arriver*" became importunate.

"How do you get away from this place?" I asked of a sallow youth that sat on the edge of the gully, kicking the clay with his bare heels into the abyss below.

"Git as you come," said he, laconically.

"I know better," I retorted; "where does that road lead to?"

The boy—he must have been sixteen at least—turned round, scrambled upon all-fours, and then rose to his feet, as though the road was a thing to be sought for like hid treasure.

"Hit!" said he; and then he stopped and spat upon a mullein-stalk with manly scorn. "You kin git to Eade's by that ar; but Eade's ain't no whar whin you git thar."

I defy the acutest mind to produce a more absolute definition of remoteness.

"What have they at Eade's?" I asked.

"Fish."

"And what else?" I asked, secretly enraptured.

The boy hugged himself and grinned.

"The kurnel an' his projies," said he, with a rapid series of nods.

Mysterious, oracular, but inviting. My resolve was taken. I groped for my valise and quitted the car.

"I'll go to Eade's," said I, aloud, when I stood upon the plank that spanned the gully.

"Nobody hendes you," said Rusticus, coolly; "but hit's a matter of five miles."

"I can walk five miles," I replied, with youthful verve.

"Like's not," returned my familiar friend; "them legs o' yours is likely of ther kind; but I reckon you'll miss the kerra on the home-stretch."

"Never mind the cars," said I; "but tell me how I am to know the place?"

"What, Eade's? Hit's easy knowed. Hit's the fust place you kin to, and ther ain't no branch roads to signify before you git there. Our roads is mainly across the track. Eade's projies ran away with his money so fast he hain't opened no road this way as yit, the more's the pity for him. His communications is all by way of Hawley, a matter of ten miles or so from his'n, and fifteen miles further, by the track. But you'll know Eade's, easy; hit's uncommon-like."

My heart sank.

"Any thing like this?" I asked, waving

my hand toward the showy building on my left.

"Hoo! no!" exclaimed the acolyte of Pomona, with an intensity of scorn quite edifying, "no color."

"Ah!" I said, with a sensation of relief, and crossed the Rubicon—that is, the gully. I would have made some inquiries in regard to the "kurnel's projies," but my informant suddenly hung his head, and crept to the shadow of the sloe-bush, as a short, thick-set man, of a fierce and sinister countenance appeared on the other side of the track, leading a horse attached to a sulky. He was dressed in what the simple people of that primitive region call "sto'-bought clothes," and he was evidently a person of importance, for I observed that every one belonging to Pomona Station quailed beneath his scowling glance. He swore like the army in Flanders at the poor lad under the sloe-bush; and I, desiring to escape the doubtful honor of his acquaintance, waived a long farewell to the jolly conductor and my whilom companions of the smoking-car, and plunged boldly into the deep and shady wood.

I shall not detail the sylvan charms that beguiled me on my way; for those who walk through the woods with eyes and ears attent, know well that "veritable enjoyment cannot be described;" and those who are disposed to shun agrestic solitudes will never linger over the most eloquent description of a woodland ramble. I had accomplished about two-thirds of my walk, when I came upon a man *recubans sub tegmine fagi*, and, like that shepherd we knew and hated in our boyhood, actually piping upon a rural reed! a primitive instrument well known in agricultural districts as Pan's pipes. But for the cut of his coat I might have taken him for the veritable Tityrus; as it was, I thought of the pleasant Mr. Samuel Pepys, who played the flageolet wherever he found an echo.

I had ample opportunity to study this man's appearance, for he was so absorbed he did not see me until I stood beside him. I perceived that he was one of those melancholy degenerations, not seldom to be met with now in our part of the world, to whom the habit of gentlemanhood still clings, despite shabby clothes, fallen fortunes, and the enforced abnegation of the amenities of civilized life. His hair and beard were both gray, and his complexion cadaverous, by which signs I judged him to be past middle age. When he looked up I saw a rather prepossessing face, except for a certain expression of indecision, that proclaimed him a visionary character. One would have thought, from the greeting he bestowed upon me, that he had known me all his life.

"Why, where under the sun did you come from?" he exclaimed, in unfeigned surprise, rising and offering his hand.

I accounted for my appearance, and announced my destination.

"So?" said he, meditatively. I thought that I could detect a gleam of subdued gratification in his faded blue eyes. "Well, sir, Eade's Villa, though I say it, possesses capabilities that will eventually render it, both in an æsthetic and a hygienic consideration, the first summer resort on the continent, yes, on

the continent, sir. It did not occur to me until last year, when a party of wild young bloods spent a month here fishing and hunting, to turn the capabilities of my place to account in this way. It is a new thing for a gentleman to convert his country-seat into a tavern, but, as some Latin author says, 'times change, and we change with the times.' Hang it, sir we *must* change with the times, or go to the dogs. My means are too limited to advertise largely, but, when Eade's Villa is known, it will be acknowledged as the *ne plus ultra* of a summer retreat. I am proud, sir, to welcome you to Eade's Villa, for, whether the object of your pursuit be pleasure or health, you will not seek either in vain in this locality."

To this long speech I merely said, interrogatively, "You are Colonel Eade?"

"I am, sir! I counted my slaves by the hundred when I planted down in Baker County, before 'the late unpleasantness.' This place was my piscatorial retreat. I came here for the summer, when I might have gone where I pleased. Now I must please to stay here, since I've nowhere else to go. Such are the fortunes of war, sir; the only fortunes left us, sir!"

I laughed; not because I thought the joke a good one, but because I saw a laugh was expected at this point. The colonel, I found, was garrulous. He talked incessantly as we walked, and always of himself and the improvements he was making or would make at the "villa." I was informed that he was *founding* a museum; that he was constructing water-works on an immense scale; that he was inventing a pleasure-boat to be moved by wheels; that he was propagating trout (by-the-way, his only successful undertaking); that he was experimenting in various ways upon the wild-sloe, by transplanting, by budding and grafting cherry and plum upon that unpromising stock, sure that if one did not succeed another must. Heaven knows, I was glad when we came in sight of Eade's Villa!

The situation of this "Hygienic Elysium," as the colonel's latest circulars styled the place, is fine and highly picturesque. A circle of steep and wooded hills, with one deep gorge toward the west, through which the road winds to Hawley, surrounds a little glen, where, alas! (but in this veracious history I will "nothing-extenuate nor set down aught in malice") a pseudo civilization had stepped in with pruning-knife and whitewash brush, and—you can imagine the consequences! Within a little inclosure of about seven acres each tree and shrub had been lopped of its fair proportions by a "scientless hand, and every thing, from the wicket-fence that hedged the grounds, and the frequent arbors set in sunny spots, to the slim stems of the crape-myrtles and the purple altheas, the stiff trunks of the Lombardy poplars, standing firmly in a row, and even the massive boles of the stately beeches and chestnuts, spared here and there for shade, had received the bath of the lime-barrel. The lake was but a fish-pond, excavated with an irregularity so precise that Nature was mocked. A raised terrace, on the water-lapped edges of which broad-leaved taniers and slender rushes were

growing rank, bordered this lake on all sides, except at a point near the gate, where the waters flowed over a sort of dam or wear. This break in the terrace was spanned by a narrow bridge, which was covered with a trellis, and festooned by a luxuriant growth of the starchy clematis, whose white blossoms actually deceived me into the belief that an attempt had been made to whitewash the vine.

"How wonderful," said the bland colonel, with a majestic flourish of his hand, "is the power of art over the crudity of Nature!"

I was discreetly silent, reflecting that, after all, there is a virtue in whitewash; it is in good repute with sanitary committees, and, as to the denuded shrubbery, one can become indifferent to every thing but a striped house like Pomona Station. I looked at a dazzling white pagoda in the heart of the lake, connected with the shore by a long gallery, and tried to fancy it a nice place to smoke and dream in.

The house (you may find hundreds just like it going to decay all over the South—a frame building, two stories and a garret, with a wide hall below and above, and four rooms on each floor) stood but a few yards from the lake. I do not know what alterations have been made since I was there, but at that time a wing, with galleries, stretched out on either side—recent additions, evidently. Beyond was a barn, vast and empty, save for the pigeons that inhabited the gable, and the swallows that built under the eaves.

I stood beside the colonel on the margin of his mimic lake, and gazed vacantly at the peacocks and guinea-fowls straying among the bushes. They were very tame, for the colonel had but to whistle a peculiar note to bring them skurrying to his feet. As he filleted them a handful of dried peas, drawn from the depths of his capacious pockets, I had one of those curious psychological admonitions familiar to all, and nowhere satisfactorily explained, of having passed through all this before. The ghostly recognition was distinct to an unusually painful degree; was it a premonition of what the Fates had in store for me? To shake off the unpleasant feeling I asked for a room, and intimated an intention to remain during the summer, provided I continued to be pleased.

"Eade's Villa"—began the colonel; but I, seeing that he was about to perpetrate a rhapsody, interrupted him with the declaration that I was tired to death, and he forthwith ushered me into the parlor; bar or office as yet there was none.

It was a tidy room, perfectly in keeping with the stiff preciseness of the grounds. I could have sworn, before I entered it, that there were conch-shells and asparagus-boughs on the hearth, and Strephon and Chloe, in gilt china, on the mantel; but I never should have guessed that a large and handsome piano monopolized one entire corner! Is there a spot on the habitable globe where this ubiquitous nuisance cannot find its way, to become an instrument of torture in untrained and remorseless hands! My heart sank at the sight, for well I knew what to expect when I looked at that large case: a foot, none the lightest, perhaps, unremittently pressing

the loud pedal, and a pair of hands doing with their might whatever they found to do in the way of inane polkas and rapid schottisches. How much of such "music" have I, in drifting from place to place, been forced to endure, until I could have prayed for deafness!

"I'll not endure it here!" I savagely resolved; "either I, or that piano, must depart."

The piano had the advantage of me in the way of legs; but, as mine were undisputedly the nimbler, I perceived that they were given me for flight, and I resolved but to rest, and then to take a speedy leave of Eade's Villa.

I ordered a luncheon, for I had had no breakfast; and, fretted and disappointed, I retired to my room in the wing next the parlor, and fatally near the piano. But I was very weary, and I slept. I had entreated not to be disturbed, and even the dinner-hour passed unheeded by me.

II.

LATE in the afternoon I was roused from slumber by a strain of music so delicate, so ethereal, so full of a tender plaint, that for a moment I forgot where I was. I was soothed, fascinated, subdued by that dreamy "Berceuse" of Chopin, played as, I thought, none but Letitia Jarrall could play. (I am no judge of the playing of professionals; I never could listen satisfactorily to music in a fashionable crowd. Miss Jarrall is kind enough sometimes to play for me with the lights turned down, when there are a few choice spirits besides myself to hear.) But such pleasure, unalloyed, was not possible at Eade's Villa, any more than at the most crowded watering-place. A *girlish laugh* filled in the pauses of the music. I dare say I apprehend that word "girlish" differently from the rest of the world; to me it is suggestive of every thing crude and ill-considered. I dislike every thing "girlish," and particularly a girl's laugh. It is an unmodulated, obstreperous cackle, devoid of genuine mirth, and "speaks the vacant mind." Just such a laugh assailed my ears at every pause of the ærial melody, and drove me from my couch to my toilet in a kind of desperation. How was it possible that one who played thus should laugh thus?

The music and the laugh ceased, however, before I left my room; and, save a faint and distant clatter from the region of the kitchen and dining-hall, silence pervaded the house. Not a mouse stirred, not a creature was to be seen. I sauntered forth in the direction of the pagoda. In those whitewashed premises it was impossible to distinguish a white-muslin dress from the wooden pillar it leaned against, and I came unexpectedly upon the girl that had laughed. I did not think of her as the girl that had played that tender "Berceuse," but I knew at a glance that she was the golden-haired one that laughed so unfeelingly in the pauses of the melody; for she had a sash, she had a panner, she had a bunch of curls, and she had an alarming consciousness of her own irresistibility; she had, in short, every thing that I had vainly hoped to escape in coming to Eade's Villa. "How did she get there, and were there more like her haunting that remote lake?" I asked myself as I hurriedly retreated.

I hastened to the bower-like bridge where the clematis twineth (I trust, for the sake of all lovers that visit Eade's Villa, it twineth still), and there I found a child, as I thought, deluded man that I was! She was small in stature, she had little sharp eyes, and long, fair hair—*blonde-cendre*, as she informed me at a subsequent period, when I called her locks flaxen. She was a knowing little one, as I discovered on further acquaintance. I might have known it at first sight, for she too had a pannier and a sash, and, moreover, a pair of bronze boots on a pair of very small feet, in which she took inordinate pride. I am fond of children, and I especially delight in little girls from eight to fourteen, so I did not beat a retreat in this instance. I advanced boldly, and Hop-o'-my-thumb gave me an encouraging nod. She was nine years old, as I learned afterward; but I have seen younger girls of nineteen. She was leaning over the bridge throwing crumbs to the swans, of which there were three, now diving among the rushes, now sailing listlessly from point to point. The swans on Eade's lake are dingy and forlorn, but they answer all the purposes of ornamental birds kept for desultory amusement, as they are always ready to swallow whatever you throw to them.

"How do?" said the small woman of the world, carelessly.

I returned the greeting, and she *chassée* to the other end of the bridge, ostensibly to look for a piece of bread which was not there, but in reality to display her boots, or her feet, or both.

"I should like to know your name?" said I, hesitating, for there was an air of condescension in this young lady's bow that made me feel very insignificant. I could not address her as "little one," nor could I call her "my dear," nor "child"—the inappropriateness of these titles was obvious to the dullest sense.

"I am Coralie Dorne," said she.

"Is your mother Mrs. Curtis Dorne?" I asked.

Miss Coralie drawled an assent, and asked in return, "Do you know my mamma?"

No, I did not know her, and I did not wish to know her. She was my sister Eleanor's friend, and I was sick of her very name. Eleanor is a good creature, but she hasn't much individuality, and Mrs. Dorne made a puppet of her. The knowledge that she was at Eade's Villa determined me to leave; yet I was beginning to think that I could not easily find a place comparable to it—such fare as they gave me for luncheon is not to be had everywhere. A bright thought struck me; I would find out how long the Dornes meant to stay. Panniers like theirs, I argued, could not long endure the seclusion of Eade's Villa. The answer to a simple question would have solved my doubts, but, remembering whose child I had to deal with, I decided to practise a little of Mrs. Dorne's much-vaunted *finesse*.

"Did you come by Pomona Station?" I asked.

"Of course not," said the young lady, tossing her head contemptuously. "I never heard of such a place. We came by Hawley, ten miles off. Colonel Eade's wife was related

to my papa, and mamma says, if he *will* lower himself by taking boarders for the summer, it's only fair that he should entertain us. She says we give tone to the place and make it attractive. Blanche says it's stupid—she raves about the sea-shore; but mamma was led to suppose that a certain friend of ours who was here fishing last summer—now, indeed, I am not going to give his name," she interpolated here, with a knowing look—"mamma, I say, thinking he would be here, persuaded Blanche to come. We've been here two weeks, and Blanche cries every day, but I think she'll be more satisfied now, and I suppose we shall stay some time longer."

"How long?" I asked, with trepidation.

"It depends upon circumstances."

"Do you like the place?" I asked.

"*Like it?*" said she, with fierce emphasis. "It's perfectly horrid! I'm sick of it! There's no society whatever, and *bonbons* not to be had; and I cannot live without *nougat*."

"Poor thing!" said I, with ardent sympathy; "why, then, must you stay?"

"Oh, Blanche teased mamma into saying that we should go next week; but that is out of the question now. Mamma, you see, *has views* for Blanche. She's my sister, and is Miss Dorne now, but when she marries I shall be Miss Dorne. I am Miss Coralie at present—that is, to strangers, but you may call me Coralie."

I murmured my thanks for this gracious permission, and submitted to be questioned in my turn.

"Are you going to stay long?"

I replied that my stay depended upon circumstances.

"How did you come?"

"I walked from Pomona Station."

"Why, where's your baggage?" said she, with a perplexed look.

"I brought it in my hand."

Her little round eyes opened to their utmost extent, and she recoiled a step or two as she said:

"Wh-y, that's just as any *poor* person might do, and Miss Jarrall assures mamma that you are very wealthy."

"Where did you meet Miss Jarrall?" I asked, confident that there was but one Miss Jarrall in the world.

"Oh, she's here—that's her piano in the parlor, and she and mamma have been discussing you ever since you came. Miss Jarrall says that, in point of wealth, you are the best match she knows."

"Much obliged to Miss Jarrall," said I, secretly enraged. "I wonder what brings *her* here?"

This interrogation was more a burst of indignation than an inquiry, and I did not expect an answer; but the precocious young lady immediately replied:

"Oh, that's a mystery that mamma and I cannot fathom. Mamma is fully persuaded that she is here for a distinct purpose, and so am I. Mamma says she is *eccentric*, and I suppose that accounts for her taking so much notice of that Miss Eade."

"Colonel Eade's daughter?"

"No, indeed!" (scornfully). "If she were *his* daughter she would be a very differ-

ent person, for she would be related to *us*. She's his niece, and sees after things. Oh, dear! you can't think how *countryfied* she is! Yet, Miss Jarrall takes a great deal more notice of her than me or Blanche."

"Surprising," said I.

"So mamma says," returned Miss C. Dorne, complacently. "Have you been introduced to Blanche?"

No, I had not; and, in order to avoid that calamity, I made some pretext to slip away. I was in a very unamiable mood, and I resolved to see Miss Jarrall, to upbraid her, and to depart on the morrow. Full of these thoughts, I was strolling along the grounds, not observing whither I went, when I found myself unexpectedly in front of the dairy, where a tidy young maiden was skimming the cream. This dairy was of a kind you may often find in the South: a sort of wooden safe with a pent-house top, fixed on high legs in the shadow of a spreading beech. The girl was Jennie Eade; as she stood under the tree, I could see her very plainly. She had a slim, graceful figure, abundant brown hair, and large, dark-blue eyes; but I did not fall in love at first sight; I saw immediately that she was not to be ranked with the nymph in the pagoda: she was sunburnt slightly, and she lacked style. If you accuse me of inconsistency, I have no defense to offer. I do confess that I have a regard for "the height of the fashion," though I am inclined to shun those who adhere to it too strictly. Jennie Eade was dressed in pink calico, and I detest pink calico; and she wore, also, a black alpaca apron, which is my abomination. Louise always would wear one when she went to "straighten" my papers, and I quiver with a vague alarm whenever I see one of these black flags displayed. But one thing about Jennie Eade I remarked with pleasure: she did not sing over her work. I am averse to women that sing as they work. They invariably select some unmeaning strain, and utter it again and again without thought and without feeling, until your tortured brain becomes so impressed with the inane rhythm, that even silence is no relief. Jennie did not sing, yet, when she spoke, her voice was one of the most musical I ever heard. Some simple order she gave a servant that was crossing the yard sounded as sweet as a song to me, whose ears had just been stunned by Miss Dorne's shrill delight over the "dee-ah little fish," expressed in tones so sharp and vibrant, that I could hear every ecstatic word from the bridge where I stood gossiping with Coralie.

I had resolved to leave Eade's Villa, and therefore I was in no haste to go. When once a man is fortified by a wise resolution, he is entitled to a little indulgence. Having survived the ordeal of an introduction to Mrs. and Miss Dorne, I was willing to test the merits of the place thoroughly.

Mrs. Dorne, a shrewd woman of the world, with an anxious face and a plausible manner, professed immediately the deepest interest in me for Eleanor's sake. She was a devoted mother, incessantly talking of her children. She called Blanche her "precious dove," and Coralie her "sweetest poppet." Could I have

put faith in her judgment, I should have believed Blanche to be a very remarkable young woman; I heard so much of her unusual intelligence and her extraordinary talents; but I am accustomed to rely upon my own observation, and I cannot say that my observation in this case corroborated Mrs. Dorne's judgment. I found Miss Dorne rather silly, and not at all well informed, though I was assured that she had read a great many books.

Coralie threatened to become the bane of my existence. I was called upon so often to admire the "sweetest poppet's" sayings and doings, that the sound of her sharp, drawing voice, and the glance of her keen, calculating eyes, actually made me shrink. Had she been a genuine child, I should have found pleasure in her companionship; but at nine years of age she was a worldly little schemer, discussing and criticising without mercy the dress, manners, motives, words, and means of all she met, with an acuteness at once ludicrous and painful. I have no doubt that by this time Mrs. Dorne's friends are well acquainted with my peculiarities, and particularly with certain characteristic manifestations of *la grande passion*, to which that impertinent and unsympathizing little monkey happened to be a witness.

If I succeeded in escaping from this intrusive chatterbox, there was the colonel to show me the lions of Eade's Villa. *Ad ogni uccello suo nido è bello*, and this indefatigable enthusiast had never seen any place comparable to his whitewashed paradise—nor had I! My travels have been more extensive than his, and I do not hesitate to affirm that I myself have never seen any place like Eade's Villa, as it was; but I should have been better pleased to enjoy it unmolested. When I had looked once at his bottled snakes, his stuffed birds, his Indian arrowheads, and his Chinese puzzles, that formed the nucleus of his museum, I did not wish ever to see them again. The old gentleman's conversation was (as I should rather say, for he still lives to do the honors of Eade's Villa, and "time cannot wither, nor custom stale, his infinite"—*monotony*)—his conversation is of that instructive character so obnoxious to a mature mind. The Choctaws have a superstition that, if a person mounts one of those distorted trees not seldom found in our forests, the bark will immediately grow around him and imprison him forever. There was a tree of this description in the colonel's grounds, and, no matter how often we passed it, he never failed to allude to the *Indian Pan*; and then would mine host pronounce a dissertation on the origin of myths, to which I listened patiently—once. He was learned in dynamics, but not lucid; and when he found that I failed to comprehend his complicated hydraulic machine, he obligingly told me many facts in physical geography that I knew before.

My friend Miss Jarrall, a sensible, plain-spoken woman, and an accomplished musician, was so monopolized by the irrepressible Dornes that I could not hope to enjoy her society. If she played, Miss Dorne was there to clasp her hands in rapture every few minutes, and say, "Ho-ow perfectly sweet!" If she told one of her inimitable stories, Miss

Dorne's dreadful laugh chilled my applause. If she left the room for a moment, the sharp-sighted Coralie remarked that Miss Jarrall's curls were at least two shades lighter than her own hair; and if the dear, kind-hearted woman returned with some specimen of Jennie Eade's sketching—an accomplishment in which the child excelled—Mrs. Dorne immediately perceived that the drawing could not compare with what her Blanche had done at the age of twelve.

To steal Miss Jarrall away was a feat too arduous for my midsummer energies; so, when I walked with her, the Dornes followed, too, and presently I found that I was not walking with Miss Jarrall at all, but with "sweetest Blanche!" I never was able to outwit that clever mother. And Blanche was a playful creature, always on the point of slipping into the lake, and forever screaming in a pretty fright at the toads in the walk, and constantly "dying" for some flower or leaf just out of my reach. As to fishing, I gave that up in despair, for both Blanche and Coralie declared that it was their favorite sport, and I was kept busy baiting their hooks and settling their interminable disputes; for, in spite of Mrs. Dorne's declaration that they were devoted to each other, the sisters almost came to blows on two several occasions in my presence.

Those certainly were not particularly pleasant days, and I do not know why I continued to linger at a place that had so disappointed my hopes; but perhaps so many years of submission to the plans of my sisters had destroyed whatever decision of character I originally possessed. This is the best explanation that I can make. I am very sure that Jennie Eade was not responsible for the postponement of my departure. I seldom saw her, and I never thought of her. I scarcely remembered her existence, and perhaps I should have had no cause to remember her now, but for a spirited and most unexpected reply she made to a rude speech of mine.

I slipped, one wet morning, on the bridge that crossed the wear, and sprained my wrist severely. The colonel is a man of good feelings, but fussy as a woman in giving expression to them. He brought vinegar, he ordered hot water, he sent for red clay, which he declared was an infallible cure for sprains. He tried to make himself ubiquitous, he ran over the little boy with the hot water, and would have scalded the child's hands and his own feet if the water had been hot enough to do me any good. He sent so many messengers with hartshorn, camphor, laudanum, and I know not what besides, that I was in a fury. I had taken refuge in the ballroom, whither Miss Jarrall, kind soul, and the unwelcome Dornes immediately followed. Miss Jarrall was bathing my swollen wrist, which was excessively painful. Mrs. Dorne, for no reason that I could see, was fanning me. I didn't wish to be fanned, especially by Mrs. Dorne. Blanche languished in the nearest window, and tied up a bouquet ostentatiously. I knew she meant to give it to me, and I hated her for it. And that wretch, Coralie, who had been standing on tiptoe behind my chair, whispered, audibly:

"I say, Blanche! how awfully thin Mr. Sevier's hair is getting on top!"

The candid reader must admit that all this was enough to make a man swear.

Immediately after this speech of Coralie's, some one knocked at the door. I thought it was the colonel's perpetual messenger, and I gnashed my teeth in impotent wrath.

"What is it?" asked Miss Jarrall.

Mrs. Dorne, I believe, had opened the door. Some one answered:

"Opedeldoc."

The pain of my wrist was intense, and there are times when I feel the necessity of expressing my sentiments. "Go to the devil!" I shouted, in a rage.

"Please, sir," said Miss Jennie Eade, promptly, but with dignity, "I don't belong there!"

Was there ever a better example of "the animated No?" I sprang to my feet; Mrs. Dorne looked prim; Miss Jarrall laughed; the sweetest Blanche clasped her hands and exclaimed, "Ho-ow perfectly shocking!" (she referred to Miss Eade); and the inextinguishable Coralie said: "Mamma! She is very improper, isn't she, mamma?" Mrs. Dorne said, "Yes, dear;" she always agreed with "the poppet."

As for myself, I was covered with confusion and struck with admiration. No fairer flower than the delicate-hued eglantine grows in our woods, but woe to the hands that handle it roughly. I bowed low to Miss Eade, I apologized humbly, and Miss Eade replied with lady-like self-possession:

"Oh, I brought it at Miss Jarrall's request: I would do anything for Miss Jarrall." It was evident that she was too indifferent about me to feel more than a momentary indignation.

From that time I began to take an interest in Jennie. I wondered that I had not admired her before. What intelligence, what spirit, what grace and dignity in her quiet, unobtrusive mien! How modest and retiring were her manners! She did not mingle much with her uncle's guests; for there were others at Eade's Villa besides those I have named; an elderly couple, evidently influenced by motives of economy in their selection of summer quarters; a forlorn old lady who wore shabby caps, and excited Miss C. Dorne's wrath by calling her "Sissy;" and a dyspeptic pedagogue who spouted Greek, and assisted the colonel in collecting specimens for the "museum;" but these, and others who came later in the season, had so little to do with my romance, that they are not entitled to a special introduction here.

I began to watch Jennie Eade so closely that I soon had eyes for no one else. I found that she was often with Miss Jarrall, and that, when she entered that lady's room, the Dornes were rigidly excluded. Coralie, who pouted about this, informed me that the two were poking over books, on which account she surmised that Jennie must be very ignorant. The young lady made this remark as though she herself were entitled to credit for immense erudition. Miss Jarrall and Jennie did spend much time over books, but some of those books, as I discovered to my surprise, were fashion-magazines! Miss Jar-

rall was bent upon improving Jennie in more ways than one. Yet, with so kind a friend at hand, poor Jennie, I perceived, was often sad. My heart was touched with compassion. I was not altogether free from care myself, at that time. I had letters from Eleanor by nearly every mail, full of complaints against Laurence. Laurence is my namesake and my favorite nephew, and I have no fault to find with him now; but he gave me some anxiety in those days, for he was wild, I must own, though I did not lose faith in him; and as for his godmother, Miss Jarrall, she would never have forgiven any one that dared pronounce him past all hope of reformation. There was a chronic quarrel between Eleanor and herself concerning Laurence; Eleanor accused Miss Jarrall of encouraging him to levity and disrespect toward herself, and Miss Jarrall declared that Eleanor drove him to desperation. I think, myself, that Eleanor never appreciated his good qualities; but what could I do? It is a discouraging state of things, truly, that reduces a man to the giving of good advice that is never taken. Eleanor, in her letters, hinted, vaguely, that Laurence had been guilty of the most flagrant defiance of her maternal counsels.

"Pooh! pooh!" said Miss Jarrall, when I showed her the harrowing passage: "Eleanor wants the boy to marry that lovely Blanche Dorne, and he has the good sense and the good taste to rebel. Then Eleanor, you know, she never had any discretion, takes to nagging him, and he forsakes her company for worse. There you have the *rationale* of the whole affair. It's all Eleanor's fault. She'll never be content until she has him *noosed* to that simpleton."

"Heaven preserve him!" I sighed, fervently.

"Preserve him yourself!" retorted Miss Jarrall. "Marry the exquisite creature in his stead."

"I beg to be excused," I replied.

"You need not fear a refusal," said Miss Jarrall; "I never saw a clearer case of 'Barkis is willing.'"

"For shame! Miss Jarrall," I exclaimed.

"Where is the shame?" returned my lively friend. "A man of your figure and fortune is no bad match, if you are nearly as old as I am."

My figure, I own, is not bad, and my fortune is large enough to render me an object of consideration to my relations; as to my age, what reflecting person reckons age by years? Still, I did not find Miss Jarrall's remarks particularly gratifying.

"I must say," pursued Miss Jarrall, "that Mrs. Dorne commands my admiration. She thoroughly appreciates her position as the mother of two such girls. And, 'where, tell me where!' will you find such girls? Who doubts that mothers are blind? There is Eleanor, now, can't see Laurence's good points with you and me to proclaim them; and Mrs. Dorne, with all her penetration, has never yet discovered a flaw in 'sweetest Blanche,' or an imperfection in that pert Coralie. Yet, for all that, she has made it the study of years how to dispose of them advantageously. Why, she has been cool to penniless lads ever since

Blanche could walk alone, and, I dare say, she begins to have 'views' for Coralie already. 'Views' is Mrs. Dorne's conjuring word with her daughters, and Coralie has it so pat that she long ago betrayed to me that her mother intends to have the uncle or the nephew for Blanche, and in either case she will make sure of your fortune."

I remembered Coralie's conversation on the bridge the evening of my arrival; I remembered a thousand significant manoeuvres on the part of Mrs. Dorne, and I could not accuse Miss Jarrall of exaggeration; but I was more annoyed than flattered, and I declared to Miss Jarrall that Mrs. Dorne should be disappointed.

"Save yourself, then, by instant retreat," said she. "Go, persuade Eleanor to your way of thinking."

"I never undertake to perform impossibilities," I replied (Miss Jarrall laughed); "and I scorn ignominious flight" (Miss Jarrall shrugged her fine shoulders and frowned).

"I advise you to escape while you can," said she. "You are a susceptible creature, you know you are. You never could resist a woman's wiles."

"Now, Miss Jarrall!" said I. "That is rather hard, seeing that I am not caught yet."

"Thanks to Eleanor!" she retorted. "Shall I read you the list of your follies? Shall I remind you how often you have purchased fancy-work you did not want; how often you have eaten more than was good for you; how often you have danced with girls you did not like; and all because some woman looked at you out of the corners of her eyes?"

Did Miss Jarrall suppose that I was incapable of taking care of myself? I was piqued, and I determined to remain. I said (to myself) that I would find a refuge from Mrs. Dorne's attention in Jennie Eade's society; and I began to follow Jennie's steps wherever I could trace them.

But Jennie was hard to find. I have said that she seldom mingled with her uncle's guests, and, except one memorable night when I stood with her upon the bridge, I never saw her in the "grounds," as Colonel Eade proudly designated the whitewashed and overpruned precincts of his lake. I accused her of avoiding me, but to this day she declares that she did not.

I did more for Jennie than I ever did for any girl, not even excepting my sisters. I discovered that she was fond of reading, and I rode to Hawley on that refractory mustang pony, a distance of ten miles, one burning August day, to get her the latest magazines. She thanked me when I gave them to her, glanced over the covers, and gave them back, saying:

"I am much obliged, Mr. Sevier, but I have seen them all."

She did not suspect that I had brought them expressly for her, and I did not feel the fatigue of my long ride until she refused the fruits of my toil.

"Oh, I suppose Miss Jarrall has them?" I said, as carelessly as I could.

"Yes," said Jennie, with barely perceptible hesitancy, and a vivid blush.

A long silence ensued. It was evening, and we were sitting in the shadow of the

bamboo-vine that climbed around the pillars of the long piazza. Miss Jarrall was playing Weber's passionate waltz; those — blessed Dornes were prowling about the lake, expecting their "evening prey" (myself, you know). I could hear Blanche's shrill ecstasies over the "dee-ah little fish," but I would not stir. What was the matter with Jennie, that she sat so still, yet looked so uneasy? Did she surmise that I had ridden those weary twenty miles for her sweet sake alone? Presently, as I was studying her thoughtful face, she spoke:

"You may think, Mr. Sevier, by the manner in which I assented to your supposition that Miss Jarrall has those magazines, that she takes them, and that I borrow them of her; but, the truth is, she has them indeed, because I lend them to her. I should be guilty of deception if I allowed you to retain such an impression."

She rose, when she said this, and went away, leaving me in such a state of surprise that I could find no speech wherewith to detain her. Miss Jarrall, who had overheard every word, looked out of the parlor-window, and unfeelingly said:

"So much for carrying your wares to the wrong market! Offer your treasures to the Dornes, my good sir, and they'll not be refused."

I did not take her advice; I went to my room and made a bonfire of those magazines; who shall say that I was no longer young?

I could not understand Jennie Eade; what did she mean by being so absurdly precise about a trifle? I had a thousand theories to account for her blushes and her careful explanation; but, ah! Jennie, Jennie, blind innocent that I was! how very, very far was I from the true solution of the mystery! So little did my boasted knowledge of human nature serve me where you were concerned!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE THEATRES OF PARIS.

II.—THE PORTE ST.-MARTIN.

AS brandy is to burgundy, or as modern French art compared to the works of Vandyck or Murillo, is the Theatre of the Porte St.-Martin compared with the Comédie Française. In one, the art has soared to so high a point that it has grown cold in the process; in the other, it keeps on the level of ordinary minds and every-day intelligence. In the one, the acting reminds the spectator of a gallery of statues; the act is perfect, but it is colorless and cold; in the other, exaggeration and vehemence often trench on the borders of bad taste. At the Comédie Française each personation is finished and smooth. There are no so-called "points," while the Porte St.-Martin delights in sudden surprises and strong contrasts. Let me not be misunderstood, however: the acting at the latter theatre is admirable; every part in the plays presented there is carefully and conscientiously filled, and the scenery and costumes receive an amount of care and attention which might be bestowed, with manifest improvement, on similar adjuncts in the great

temple of the classic drama. The Porte St. Martin is, in fact, a type of the theatres of the Boulevard. Dedicated for years past (it was originally an opera-house, built in haste to receive the burned-out singers) to the best kind of melodramas, sensational plays, and fairy spectacles, it has always maintained a reputation for good plays, well produced and well acted. Here the early dramas of Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas first saw the light. Here Mlle. Georges appeared as *Lucrèce Borgia*, seconded by Frederick Lemaitre as *Gennaro*, and charmed the public with the loveliness that had charmed an emperor and vanquished the victor of the world. Here Marie Douai, most beautiful, winning, and gentle of actresses, first thrilled all hearts with the passion and the anguish of her *Marian de Lorme*. Here in our own day La Biche and Bois set all Paris raving about the brilliancy of the spectacle, the beauty of its actresses, and the splendor of its ballet. Here, too, "Lucrèce Borgia" was revived during the later days of the empire, and was made the subject of a stormy, popular demonstration against the government. Here Sardou's magnificent drama of "Patrie" was first produced—the finest work that his prolific pen has yet given to the stage. And here, after the terrible days of the Commune, a shapeless pile of ruins showed that the Parisian fiends, in their wrath, had not even spared the most popular of all the temples of the legitimate drama in Paris.

The reconstructed building was reopened last fall, the play being Victor Hugo's "Marie Tudor." This was followed by "The Court of Henri III.," by the elder Dumas, the first of the dramas with which he inaugurated his crusade against the classic school; but that failing to attract, it was replaced a few weeks ago by a play from the pens of MM. D'Ennery and Cormon, entitled "The Two Orphans," which has proved a great and real success—a success which will probably bear the new drama across the Atlantic in the course of the next dramatic season. As it is an excellent example of the usual style of the Porte St. Martin plays, I will give some detailed account of it.

The theatre in question is situated at what somebody calls "the jumping-off place of the Boulevards"—namely, a point a little beyond the gate whence it takes its name; but, with very few exceptions, the Paris theatres seem alike in a vigorous sort of determination to get out of the way, for they are mostly situated at such an immense distance from the residence portion of the city, that, were not carriages abundant and cheap, it would be almost an impossibility to visit them. This is the theatrical quarter *par excellence* of Paris. The pretty new theatre of the Renaissance stands just beside the Porte St. Martin; the Ambigu is round the corner, as is also the Folies Dramatiques; the Gymnase is a few blocks higher up, and the Galté is just a little way off on the Boulevard de Sebastopol. The broad, new façade of the Porte St. Martin, with its fresh-looking group of caryatides in creamy stone, looks bright and inviting as we approach. The lobbies and staircase are of solid masonry—a wise and useful precaution against loss of life by

fire. The auditorium is one of the most spacious in Paris, and will seat some two thousand persons. The upholstery is all of the dark crimson which is the favorite and prevailing color for theatrical furnishing here; and the curtain, representing a rich crimson-velvet drapery fringed with gold and pearls, is in all the beauty of its first freshness. Like all Paris theatres, however, it is close and badly ventilated, and toward the end of the evening the heat usually becomes almost unendurable—a state of things which the Parisians seek to mitigate by taking off their outer wraps, and depositing them in the care of the box-openers (a service for which a few sous are charged)—by eating oranges and drinking *sorbets*, and by rushing out in every interval between the acts to promenade in the *foyer*, there to catch a breath of purer air. It is not *de rigueur* to eat oranges and candies in the more aristocratic theatres, but at the *bourgeois* Porte St. Martin such indulgences are quite *comme il faut*; and one often sees a jolly family party dividing half a dozen oranges between them, even when they are seated in the best places in the house, such as the parquet or the balcony. And let me tell you that a juicy *orange de Valence* is not to be despised, when one has been breathing the hot, impure air of a crowded and ill-ventilated theatre for some hours, particularly as Paris water is an unpalatable and almost an undrinkable fluid.

The opening of the play of "The Two Orphans" introduces us to the Frochard family, consisting of the crippled knife-grinder *Pierre*, his good-for-nothing brother *Jacques*, and their old and villainous mother. Nothing can be imagined more perfect than the make-up of these three personages, true types of the lowest class of the Parisian working-people—the coarse, handsome, broad-shouldered ruffian; the pale, shrinking, delicate-looking cripple; and their evil-looking old hag, with her face reddened by drink, and her gray hair pushed back under a tawdry red handkerchief. The scene is a street in Paris; the time the early days of the reign of Louis XVI., while the Revolution was still in embryo. The Frochards disappear, *Pierre* to look for work, and *Jacques* and his mother to drink at a cabaret; and the two orphans, the heroines of the piece, appear upon the stage. Nothing can be imagined more prettily contrasted than their appearance. *Dica Petit* (Henriette) is tall, slender, dark, and *distingué*-looking, while Angèle Moreau, who plays the rôle of the blind girl *Louise*, is fair, of medium height, and possesses a sweet, soft voice, and a girlish, innocent-looking face, which just fits her for the requirements of her very difficult rôle. This young actress, who has just been transplanted from the suburban Théâtre Montmartre, gives evidence of considerable talent, and she is already a popular favorite. The sisters have just arrived in Paris by the coach from Normandy, and they expected to be met by a friend who has not yet made his appearance. But now a woman enters—a woman still young and fair—an *ouvrière* in plain dress and close cap, but with despair written on her haggard face and in her wild eyes. It is *Marianne*, the mistress of *Jacques Frochard*, driven by him

to theft and ignominy, hating her sin, and loathing her slavery, save when she is in the presence and under the influence of her enslaver. The young girls approach her, they speak kindly to the poor creature, who, in her misery, contemplates suicide; they press upon her their little store of pocket-money, and bid her go and sin no more. Strengthened and encouraged, *Marianne* is about to quit the scene, when *Jacques* emerges from the drinking-shop and orders her to follow him. Once more the voice of the man she loves in spite of her detestation of her crimes sounds on her ears; she hesitates, wavers, her powers of resistance are giving way, when suddenly the patrol appear, making their nightly round. She rushes toward them. "Arrest me. I am a thief!" she cries, and, as the soldiers surround her and lead her off, she flings a last glance of triumph upon her baffled tempter. She has escaped from further sin—she is saved! The acting of Mme. Lacrosonnière in this brief part (the rôle only comprises the above scene and one other) was truly admirable.

The rest of the act is crowded with incident. *Henriette* is carried off by a band of men in rich liveries; and *Louise*, left alone, blind and in a strange city, calls vainly for the sister, who has gone she knows not whither. A carriage passes, she is on the point of being knocked down and crushed, when *Pierre*, who has returned to seek his mother and brother, rushes forward and saves her. The position is really a perilous one, and the horse, having taken fright one night, poor Mlle. Moreau came near being killed in real earnest, but was saved by the activity and strength of M. Toillade, the actor who plays *Pierre*, and who, having rescued her so often from being run over in make-believe, knew well how to do it in reality. The mother Frochard sees, in the girl's infirmity, an excellent chance to make money by begging, and so she offers to take charge of her, and the curtain descends on the first scene.

The drop-curtain, by-the-way, is covered with advertisements, so that, between the acts, one can study the merits of "La Liqueur Berrichonne," the "Moutarde Barnibus," and the "Quatuor Piano," the qualities of which interesting instrument are represented by a man playing on a violin and two smaller instruments of the same species by means of fingers a little longer than his whole body. But, on account of the immense length of the piece (it purports to be in five acts, but the curtain in reality falls eight times), the *entr'actes* are of but brief duration, and one has not too much time wherein to admire these gems of art.

Scene II., to adopt the divisions of the authors themselves, shows us a *filé* at the house of the *Marquis de Presles*. This scene was exceedingly pretty. The stage represented an illuminated garden by moonlight, and the mingling of the two lights, that of the lanterns, and that of the moon, was very beautifully managed, while the rich costumes of the guests, the brocade dresses, hoops, and powdered coiffures of the ladies, joined to the velvets, ruffles, and satins of the gentlemen, combined to make up a charming and Watteau-like picture. To this place is *Henriette*

conveyed in a fainting condition. On reviving, she seeks to escape; she turns from the gayety around her in horror, only to be met by jests and compliments. "There is no man of honor, then, among you!" she cries, in despair. "Yes, one!" exclaims the young *Marquis de Vaudrey*; "take my arm, mademoiselle, and let us go hence." The *Marquis de Presles* draws his sword and bars the way; a duel ensues; *M. de Presles* falls wounded, and *M. de Vaudrey* and *Henriette* are free to depart.

Act III. introduces us to the private cabinet of the *Count de Linière*, the chief of the police of Paris. The count is tormented by a cruel doubt respecting his wife. Her health is undermined by some hidden grief; her past holds a sorrow; what is it? He is consulting the secret archives that hide so many family mysteries; he finds the place concerning her, turns the leaf, and is about to read, when his nephew, the *Marquis de Vaudrey*, interferes, and tears the page from the book. The secret of his kind and beloved aunt shall be respected.

In this act *Mme. Doche*, especially engaged and transferred from the Odéon to play the part of the *Countess de Linière*, makes her first appearance. How elegant she is, how graceful, how refined, how truly the *grande dame* in every sense of the word. She is no longer young, it is true, and has lost most of the beauty for which she was once celebrated, but the pathos and fervor that made her creation of *La Dame aux Camélias* a world-wide wonder, distinguished her acting as perfectly as of yore. Her toilets, too, are something to marvel at, and yet, as to form, they are simplicity itself, but so faultless in cut, and color, and style, that they merit both study and imitation. With her powdered hair massed above her broad, intellectual-looking brow, her great blue eyes, the one loveliness she still retains, shining with a feverish light, and eloquent with expression, and her graceful form set off and enhanced by her faultlessly simple dress of pale-gray silk, she looks the part of the unhappy countess to perfection. It is in this scene that we learn the secret of *Mme. de Linière*, confided by her to her nephew. She is the mother of a child born before her marriage with the count, and this child the inexorable will of her father had forced her to abandon in the public streets. Naturally, one guesses at once that the blind girl is the lost child for whom the countess grieves so sorely.

Act IV. is the scenic success of the piece. The scene represents the front of the Church of St-Sulpice. It is winter, and the ground and buildings are covered with snow. Hither comes *La Frochard*, leading *Louise*, who sings the plaintive little song of "O ma tendre Musette!" a wailing melody, in a minor key, full of pathos and sweetness. Hither, too, come the great ladies of the court, in their sedan-chairs, carried by powdered lackeys, and among them comes the *Countess de Linière*, lovely to behold in her dress of dark-blue satin, trimmed with fur, over which is thrown a blue-velvet mantle, also trimmed with fur. She pauses to drop a piece of money in the hands of the poor, blind, shivering beggar-

girl at the church-door, and then passes on, saying, "Poor child, pray for me!" Imagine the situation—the mother and daughter thus brought in contact, and thus widely separated. The countess disappears, and poor *Louise*, exhausted with fatigue, is forced by *La Frochard* to recommence her cruel journey, and to chant again the mournful refrain of "O ma tendre Musette!"

Act or Scene V. shows *Henriette* employed as a sewing-girl, and living in a garret. The *Marquis de Vaudrey* loves her, and would fain make her his wife, having, for her sake, angered his uncle, by refusing a noble and wealthy alliance. But *Henriette* refuses to consent to this sacrifice on his part, and prefers the laborious life of an *ouvrière* to embroiling her lover with his family by accepting his hand. The *Countess de Linière* seeks her out—she would fain remonstrate with this girl, for the love of whom her nephew insists upon remaining single. Now comes the most thrilling situation of the play. This interview reveals to the countess the noble heart of the orphan, who persists in refusing a union so far above her; and then *Henriette* tells her history. She recounts her arrival in Paris—how she was carried off—how she lost her poor blind sister *Louise*—how *Louise* was not her sister, but a poor child picked up in the streets by her father. Here *Doche's* acting was marvelous. No description can do justice to the expression of her face, nor to the wild eagerness of her cry of "Go on, child, go on!" *Henriette* continues her story, and proves to the countess that *Louise* is indeed her lost child. But, as the narrative goes on, a voice is heard in the streets below, singing "O ma pauvre Musette!" *Henriette* at first does not notice it; then she hears it; she listens; she wavers, hesitates, breaks off short in her story, rushes to the window, and cries, "It is *Louise*!" At that moment the door is thrown open, and the *Count de Linière* enters, followed by a detachment of the police. *Henriette* is borne away to the prison of the Salpêtrière, and the countess, cowering beneath the stern gaze of her husband, dares not rush to the rescue of her child.

Scene VI. conveys us to the Salpêtrière. *Henriette* finds here the unhappy *Marianne*, who, by dint of good conduct and sincere repentance, has gained her order of release. But *Henriette* is condemned, by the power of the count, to transportation. When her name is called, it is *Marianne* who presents herself. The *Superior of the Salpêtrière* is about to reveal the truth, when *Marianne* sinks at her feet with the prayer, "O reverend mother, save at once the future of the penitent, and the liberty of the innocent." The superior bows her head, and *Henriette* is free! *Marianne* is borne away with the other prisoners, having first given *Henriette* the address of *Mother Frochard*.

The next scene is the culminating point of the drama. It passes in the hovel of the *Frochards*. *Louise*, exhausted, starving, and shivering, refuses to beg any longer, and will no longer sing in the streets. Here an amusing exemplification of the deep interest taken by the spectators in the performance, and their belief in its reality, took place. *La Frochard* snatches a little shawl from *Louise's*

shoulders, saying, "Take that off, and then you will shiver more at your ease!" At these words a deep murmur and stir of indignation was distinctly audible throughout the house. *Louise* is locked up in an inner chamber; and, at this moment, comes *Henriette*, seeking for her sister. "She is dead," mutters *La Frochard*. "Dead!" cries the poor girl, exhausted with grief and fatigue, and she falls in a dead faint on the floor. *La Frochard* goes off to seek assistance, and, while she is gone, *Louise*, who has been furnished with the means of escape by *Pierre*, comes out of her room. Here the interest of the audience became intense. There lay *Henriette* insensible on the floor—would the blind girl make her way out without the two sisters becoming aware of each other's presence? Of course she does not; *Henriette* revives, and the sisters escape together, after a combat between *Pierre* and *Jacques*, the latter of whom attempts to detain the orphans, having conceived a passion for *Louise*, and the cripple, of course, kills the colossus, after the manner of plays in general, ever since the days of Mr. Vincent Crummies and his terrific broadsword combats.

The last scene winds up every thing satisfactorily. *Henriette* and the marquis are to be married, the count learns his wife's secret and pardons her, and the countess embraces her daughter, to whose darkened eyes a benevolent doctor has promised to restore the sight.

The play, as will be seen from the above sketch of it, is a good and interesting specimen of the old-fashioned melodrama. There is too much of the popular element in it—the marquis, who honorably loves and marries a sewing-girl, is a rather improbable character—but, apart from such conventional drawbacks, it is a well-constructed and well-written piece. The interest is kept up throughout, the characters are fairly defined, and the situations are dramatic and striking. Moreover, the purity of its tone is refreshing, after the evil scenes and sentiments with which the Parisian boards have been of late years but too familiar. *MM. D'Ennery* and *Cormon* deserve the thanks of the community for proving that a play may be interesting and successful without being either immoral or indecent, a lesson which Sardou should have learned before he wrote "Les Merveilleuses."

As to the acting, it was admirable throughout. *Doche* and *Angèle Moreau* were, of course, the leading stars of the performance; but *Taillade* as *Pierre*, *Lacressonnière* as the count, *Laroy* as *Jacques*, and *Madame Hamet* as *La Mère Frochard*, could not have been surpassed. The make-up of the last two—the coarse, cruel, broad-shouldered, handsome ruffian, with his *foulard* and his gold earrings; and the hideous old hag, the very type of the lowest order of French womanhood, were both excellent. I have spoken before of the acting of *Madame Lacressonnière* as *Marianne*. This brief yet difficult rôle, comprising, as it does, but two scenes—but those of great interest and pathos—was played in a manner that would have reflected credit on any star actress in America. If the play is ever transferred to our boards, as from its character and its success I have no doubt it soon will be, it will suffer greatly for lack

of adequate interpreters for all the characters.

The Parisian audiences are easily moved to tears; and so much weeping has been caused by "The Two Orphans" that the *Figaro* lately issued a burlesque notice to the effect that the box-openers at the Porte St.-Martin would engage to wipe people's eyes at the low price of a cent a wipe! With this proof of the moving effects of the new melodrama, I will bring my sketch to a conclusion.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

MY STORY.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

(Published from Advance-Sheets.)

CHAPTER XVII.

I TAKE A WALK.

THE rainy weather has lasted a week. Mrs. Dayrell has been so ill that I have not seen her again. I grow each day fonder of Madame La Peyre; but I begin to find it dull to be cooped up in one room all day. I want to go out in the rain.

"Yes, afterward," says Madame; "but you cannot go out alone at first; you may lose yourself, my child. Angélique or I will guide you a little, and then you will be free to choose your own walks, for you may go alone here—you will meet no one."

I sigh at this; it is a dreary prospect to see no one in doors or out. I am sure if I do not get some amusement I shall do something mischievous.

It is afternoon now, and the rain is leaving off; the clouds are parting and drifting away. Where do clouds go to, I wonder? I stand watching, till at last there is a bit of blue sky.

"Madame, really we can get a walk now; in two minutes more it will be quite fine."

Angélique opens the door.

"Monsieur Newton and Monsieur Donald," she says, in her quaint accent.

All my repressed spirits dance up into my eyes; I can hardly restrain an exclamation. I have time to look at the visitors while Madame is receiving them. Mr. Newton is the gentleman I saw at the church-yard. He is certainly very pippin-faced, and his young black whiskers are like curled-up fur on each side of his face; I do not feel interested in him. He is short, and he has a kind of face which you see all at once; there is nothing to find out in it but black and white and red. I look on to the tutor; he is younger than I expected, certainly much younger than Captain Brand. But he is ugly—at least, he has a pale, slipshod kind of face, by which I mean a face that has loose skin about the chin and forehead—a face that has a whimsical mouth which seems hesitating between a laugh and a cry, and a nose that looks as if it may be made to take any shape. He is tall, but he is awkward; he moves his shoulders nervously, and seems not to know what to do with his hands; and yet, this queer, Dominie-Sampson-looking creature interests

me much more than the red-checked pupil. I do so dislike red cheeks.

Madame La Peyre presents these gentlemen to me, and then we all sit down. Mr. Newton looks at me quite coolly, as if I were a picture or a bit of china; but Mr. Donald looks away directly I meet his eyes.

"I thought you had departed," says Madame.

"But we are back again, you see. We find Merton more attractive than Starmouth; at least"—Mr. Newton pulled his whiskers—"I do."

He looks at me with an impressive expression in his large, brown, dog-like eyes.

I cannot help laughing to myself as I contrast this young Englishman with Eugène. How downright and ungraceful he is in his way of paying a compliment. He must be very young, or he is quite unused to girls.

I look at him mischievously.

"Is Merton so attractive? I was afraid I should find it dull. What do you find attractive in it?" I ask, innocently.

Madame La Peyre looks surprised; I suppose she wonders that I speak so soon to a stranger—perhaps at home I might have waited—but I have been so quiet, and this chance of a little amusement may not come again soon, and there is Mr. Donald for her to talk to.

Mr. Newton is not so silly as I thought he was. He looks mischievous, too.

"Ah, you don't know. Yet we have had rain ever since you came. Wait till you have seen our Cleeve, and some of the rides in our neighborhood. I"—his voice gives a little flourish here, which nearly makes me laugh—"shall be most delighted, if you like riding, to give you a mount; I have some horses quite fit for a lady's riding."

"I don't know much about riding, thank you; I prefer walking. From the little I have seen, I should think walking is best here. I want to climb some of those great, gray rocks, and you can't do that on horse-back."

"Not exactly. Well, then, if you walk, you had better let me guide you. I know every inch of the ground, and I will take every care of you."

He looks at me in such a fatherly, protecting way that I am determined to tease him. I believe he thinks I am a child. It will be great fun to make him fall in love with me to punish his conceit.

I look from him to Mr. Donald, and I am startled at the intense gaze I meet. This awkward, ugly man is not really ugly on second looks; he has beautiful dark-blue eyes—eyes that look full of tender, sentimental thoughts. I would much rather take a walk with Mr. Donald than with this young prig.

"My dear"—Madame La Peyre has been talking to the tutor—"I have been asking Mr. Donald to recommend me a list of English books for your reading, and he is so kind as to offer to lend you some."

I smile up in Mr. Donald's face. He is so shy that I feel inclined to be kind to him, and to make him like me. I can't help trying to make every one like me. I am miserable if I think they do not.

"Thank you very much."

Mr. Donald looks pleased.

"You must tell me the kind of reading you prefer." He speaks so very gently, and yet I am sure he is clever; he has that clear, refined way of speaking which only clever people have.

"I like poetry and novels."

Madame La Peyre looks at me, and then she gives one of her pretty, soft laughs.

"You must not trust her judgment; but I do not imagine that you, monsieur, read romances."

I keep my eyes on Mr. Donald, and he is actually blushing.

"I am afraid I am guilty of possessing some," he says, laughing; "but I do not think they will hurt Miss Stewart."

I had forgotten Mr. Newton till a yawn called my attention to him.

"I can't stand poetry," he said; "it seems all alike, and there is so much time wasted. I read some once—I think it was called 'Aurora Leigh'—and I often skipped a dozen pages without missing any of the story. But our family don't go in for extra learning—do we, Mr. Donald?"

"You tell me so."

I fancy there is a little mockery in the tutor's voice, but Mr. Newton's sentence has taken me back to Van Diemen's Land. I have grown lately to forget what then seemed so natural, that one's family creed is the only reliable standard of right and wrong. I blush with a mixture of shame and fear, and try to remember whether our family cares for poetry. As far as I can recollect, with the exception of our governess, no one read any thing at home except the newspapers, unless it was a book by some titled amateur. I fancy well-bred women ought to be very careful not to be clever or learned. I know papa used to tell me he cared more for playing and singing than for any other acquirement. The abbé and Madame La Peyre seem to be of a different way of thinking; but, then, they have lived in retirement, and I have heard people say that my father was a complete man of the world. I do not quite know what that is, but it must be, of course, something very clever.

"Are you going out?" Mr. Newton asks Madame La Peyre. I do not think he is quite at his ease in a drawing-room, though he has such a superior, patronizing manner, I suppose this is because of his family—but is he really well-born? I thought only under-bred people gave themselves airs, and then I remember my own behavior to Captain Brand, and I try to think of something else; for, of all things, I dislike to find myself in the wrong. I have no pretensions to being good. I have a horror of that sort of thing, but I cannot see how a person who is born a lady can bear to be rude.

"We were thinking of it when you came in—shall we go, Gertrude?"

"Oh, yes, if you please."

I will not give Madame La Peyre the chance of changing her mind. I dart off for my hat, but I stay an instant to see that I have put it on well. Angélique has trimmed it with crape; she said it made me look pale, but to-day I have plenty of color. I can hardly remember how long it is since I took a country-walk

with some one of my own age. There was that ramble with Eugène, but that was different. It is not Mr. Newton who will make this walk pleasant; it is the walk that will make me glad of him for a companion.

I find our *salon* empty, so I go out into the court. Mr. Newton is leaning against the gate.

"I want to take you to the Cleeve"—he looked very important—"by a way that has been in our family for centuries."

"Centuries! Why do you go back to the ancient Britons?"

"Well, you know that's a way of speaking, so to say," he said, with a drawl.

"I suppose you can tell me all sorts of legends about these misshapen Tors."

"Not I," in a lazy and lofty tone. "You must ask my tutor this kind of things; he cares for reading; you see education is necessary for the middle classes. I only go in for manly pursuits."

I feel puzzled. I begin to look up to Mr. Newton; he is certainly much cleverer than I am; he could not speak in such a positive, superior way, unless he felt he was really clever.

"I thought reading was more a man's pursuit than a woman's—a lofty pursuit, in fact," I say, shyly. "I mean real, deep reading."

Mr. Newton looks at me with an approving smile. I feel so glad to have been right.

"Yes—yes, oh yes, you are right there; women who are great readers are awful—they bore you. I have an aunt who can't talk of anything but books, but then she don't read the paper, or any thing jolly. She actually did not know who won the Derby last spring."

I feel horribly ignorant.

"What did?" I look up into Mr. Newton's eyes with reverence.

"Oh, Ladybird, of course; but, Miss Stewart, why shouldn't we start? I'll tell Donald to wait for madame. He has gone on to look at this view farther up the lane. He is new to this country."

Mr. Newton is looking at me quite as admiringly as Eugène did. I begin to wonder which is the eldest. I think Mr. Newton is, though his face is younger, but he walks more like a man, and is so much calmer than Eugène was.

We come suddenly on Mr. Donald, gazing through a gap in the hedge. I should like to stand, and look, too, at the splendid range of hills—my friend, that misty, melancholy Dartmoor, always ending the view; but Mr. Newton will not stop.

"I say, Donald," he calls out, as we pass, "will you bring Madame La Peyre after us? I am going up the hill-field to the top of the Cleeve. If it is too steep for madame, she can rest in the field, you know."

We pass through the village, and then up a steep bit of high-road; then across a wooded hill, with lovely peeps of distant view here and there between the trees; and then we come to a gate. Mr. Newton opens it, and we pass into a shady lane.

If the walk is all to be like this lane, it will be delightful—steep banks, with trees meeting overhead, so that we are sheltered from the sun, which blazes fiercely, as if he

were making up for his long absence—the path is so choked with huge blocks of granite, that one has constantly to scramble over them. I sit down at last on a gray fragment, with black and brown stains, orange and silver lichens blistering here and there.

"Where do these bits of rock come from?" I ask.

"Come from no one knows; they seem to grow; but this is nothing to what you will see in the Cleeve. Donald will talk to you by the yard about these formations, as he calls them, but what does it matter how they come—I wish they'd go, they're an awful nuisance; they only cumber the land and keep it barren for acres."

I pointed to the ferns nixed in every available cranny of the piled-up hedge-bank.

"You mean those plants grow, but they're not fodder. You see I am thoroughly practical with regard to Nature. I look at it with the eye of a land-owner, and that black spleen won't benefit any one but an herb-doctor."

I see more and more that my first judgment was hasty. Mr. Newton must be very clever, though he has rosy cheeks.

We have come in sight of another gate.

"Here we are," he says, as he holds it open. "When we have climbed to the top of this field, you will look down into the Cleeve. You had better rest, had you not?"

The climb certainly looked formidable; the field is really the side of a hill, or of a very lofty embankment, and it is so encumbered with blocks of granite of every size and form, that one might fancy the huge masses of rock which crown its summit had been giant chiefs in some great battle fought hereabouts, and petrified with the stain below.

Patches of grass assert themselves at intervals, and on this some sheep are feeding. A lark is singing overhead, and a couple of yellow birds hop from one stone to another, and look at us with their little inquisitive heads on one side. I sit down on the stone to which Mr. Newton points, but I wish he would leave off his agricultural explanations. I want to be quite silent, and feast my eyes on the scene below us. We have climbed high enough to overlook Merdon nestling round its church-tower amid the sheltering poplars, and I can trace the windings of the little brook, circling like a silver fringe at the feet of the quaintly-shaped hills that rise many-colored behind the village. I see newly-ploughed earth beside the yellowish-green of fading vegetables, and shouldering these comes an abrupt stretch of purple moor, with a huge gray rock for centre.

But solitude is hopeless, for Mr. Newton is still holding forth, and I see Madame La Peyre and Mr. Donald coming through the gate toward us.

I am very capricious; five minutes ago, though his talk disturbed me, I liked to feel that, while I sat looking at the yellow-hammers, Mr. Newton's eyes were fixed on my face, but I hail the coming interruption, and I dart off to tell some of my delight to Madame La Peyre. My foot slips, and I lose my balance. I hear a shout, and then a scream—and then the ground goes upside down, and I am aware of a concussion—and

then I am raised tenderly but strongly, and I open my eyes and see Mr. Donald's face close to mine.

"Oh, my darling," says Madame La Peyre. "Let me find where she is hurt, Mr. Donald."

But Mr. Donald seems to put Madame La Peyre gently aside.

"I will carry her home to your maid, madame. I am sure there ought to be no delay."

I am beginning to feel a sharp pain in my wrist, and I am sore all over; but Mr. Donald's alarm amuses me.

"You can put me down, thank you," I say. "I am not near dying yet."

I watch his face, and he looks very grave. He sets me down gently on some smooth grass.

But my head swims so that I catch desperately at his arm, and cling to him.

"You must take her up again," says madame, very sadly, "but I am afraid she is too heavy for you."

I suppose Mr. Newton has just come down to us.

"Of course. Let me carry Miss Stewart, Donald. I am ever so much stronger than you are."

Mr. Donald does not seem to hear his pupil. He proceeds to raise me. I catch a glimpse of Mr. Newton looking absolutely savage, and, in spite of my pain, I laugh. It is so amusing to make him jealous.

"I think I feel safest with Mr. Donald, thank you," I say, "he is so tall. Now Mr. Donald has begun, I had rather he'd finish."

It is not very comfortable anyway, and I am delighted when Madame La Peyre tells Mr. Newton to hurry on for Mrs. Dayrell's garden-chair.

"It would be no use in the lane," she says, "but the path through the wood is smoother."

I am sure I am very heavy, for I can feel how hard Mr. Donald breathes as we get near the end of the lane.

Madame La Peyre persuades him to rest against the gate, but he soon goes on again.

"Here comes Mr. Newton," says madame, when we are half-way along the wood-path.

"The chair is at the gate," he says, breathlessly. I believe he must have fractured that poor chair in dragging it along so fast. "It is too wide to pass through the gate," he gasps; "now, Donald, you're as white as a sheet; let me carry Miss Stewart."

"I can walk now, if you will let me lean on your arm." I say this very softly to Mr. Donald; it is horrible to think that he is so exhausted, and yet I cannot let that little red-cheeked Mr. Newton touch me, we might both go down together. "Put me down," I say, decidedly.

I am so sore and stiff that I can hardly keep in a scream as my feet touch the ground; my head feels light and confused, but I have no longer that swimming faintness.

I look up gratefully at Mr. Donald; he is not pale, he has flushed up to his temples.

"Thank you very, very much." I say so that only he can hear me, and I press my hand gratefully on his arm.

I think that men like gratitude and marks of friendship to be quite private. I am quite sure Mr. Donald valued my thanks much more than if I had spoken them out. He drew my hand closely into his arm.

"You must lean on me more heavily than that," he said.

Why are some men born awkward who yet don't look amiss, and others who look awkward are so tender and skillful in all they do to help? Mr. Newton walks excellently, and I have no doubt he is a good dancer, and adroit in many exercises; while Mr. Donald is, by comparison, shambling and knock-kneed, and yet how carefully and easily he has moved me to-day! When we reach the chair he bends forward to unfasten the apron, and Mr. Newton comes close beside me.

"Let me help you in," he says, in an aggrieved voice; "you won't let me do any thing."

He takes the hand which all this time has been hanging useless by my side. I did not want Madame La Peyre to know that it was hurt.

Mr. Newton's grasp is like a knife. I give a sudden shriek, and fall on Mr. Donald's shoulder. There is a hubbub of inquiry, and then I open my eyes and laugh.

"I beg your pardon."

I mean to look sweetly at Mr. Newton, but the mixture of dismay and anger in his face is too ludicrous; I laugh, without any power to check myself.

At last I find my voice, and see that he has grown crimson.

"I beg your pardon, but I believe that wrist is sprained."

EVERY-DAY LIFE IN MILAN.

46 "MILANO!" I stepped from the railway-carriage, looking eagerly about to see my new home. There was nothing peculiar at first sight; a large, handsome station containing many people, speaking many languages; much hurry, but no confusion. I walked quietly out, secured a cab, and sent a porter for my baggage. This being obtained, we rattled into the city at a rate which surprised me; not because it was in reality very fast, but because the one horse attached to the vehicle was apparently such a poor one that in America he would not have been considered worth using at all; and when I saw him harnessed to a heavy covered carriage, capable of holding four people besides the driver, and unlimited baggage, I wondered what the result would be. But I observed that the other cabs were not provided with better horses.

As we passed through the city-gate a custom-house officer stopped us. I said something in English, to which he replied in Italian; I answered in English, and he continued his remarks in Italian—of which language I knew nothing. After a few seconds of this unprofitable conversation he shut the door, called out to the coachman "*Avanti!*" and we proceeded on our way. Custom-house people know there is little danger that English or American travelers will bring much

into a country where every thing is cheaper than in the places from which they come.

We passed for some distance through a "corso" as wide as most New-York streets, but differing from them in many respects, chiefly in the lack of sidewalks. There is a narrow line of flagging each side, it is true, but as this is on a level with the rest of the pavement, carriages can and do drive upon it whenever it is convenient, especially in the narrower streets. At such times the driver utters a peculiar yell, which I soon learned to understand, and people who are walking immediately get out of the way as best they can, sometimes stepping into an archway, sometimes darting across the street or crowding against the wall. The last method is decidedly dangerous, for after so giving warning, drivers feel no further responsibility, and, if people allow themselves to be run over, why, so much the worse for them.

There is no gutter in the ordinary sense of the word; the grade of the street makes the centre the lowest part, where there are occasional openings to the sewer. The streets are cleaned by men who carry great baskets on their backs, into which they shovel the dirt that they sweep up.

The middle of the street is paved with rough cobble-stones, but has two rows of narrow flagging like that at the sides, upon which wheels may pass, while the horse walks upon the cobble-stones between. But the flagging is not like the smooth, wide paving-stones on Broadway; it is a rough, common stone, and in many places only wide enough for one person to walk upon comfortably. There are wide streets in Milan, but by far the greater number are short, narrow, and crooked.

Another striking peculiarity, after one gets used to the dirt, weather-stains, and general time-worn and battered appearance of the houses, is the absence of stoops and handsome door-ways. The sidewalk—if we can call it so—is close against the side of the houses; and the houses form one unbroken wall. The best rooms are never on the ground-floor; all the lower windows are strongly barred with iron, and present a most inhospitable appearance. Some houses are built of marble or other stone, but the usual Italian house is of brick covered with a coarse plaster of various shades of yellow, brown, or gray; some of it is, or has been, white. Many have pictures painted upon the outside; an extravagance more to be regretted if the pictures were not so bad that the rain scarcely injures them. Sometimes trees, vines, etc., are painted all over the outside. Every house is built around a paved court, wide enough for a carriage to pass.

Close by the Duomo, or Cathedral, in one of the little streets, the carriage stopped. I was expected; and before I had fairly decided which way to turn to get inside of the house, some one had seized a trunk, and many others were chattering away in Italian, just as if I could understand. I concluded that the safe way was to follow my baggage; so I went through the archway into the court, and then up a narrow stone stairway to the rooms in which I am now writing.

I cannot describe the house; I cannot

fathom the mind of an Italian architect. It appears all of about the same age, but each part is built on a different plan. Through the archway we enter the paved court, around which part of the house is built; another archway leads to another and smaller court, another archway to a third, and still another to a fourth and last court, from which a fifth archway opens upon the next street. The whole belongs to one person, but is of different heights, having windows of many shapes and sizes. At each street-entrance there is a small room for the *conciierge*, having one door opening into the archway and one into the court. The *conciierge* sees all who go in and out, takes charge of letters, etc., sweeps the stairs and passages, locks up at night, and has a general charge of the establishment. There is a large gate or door from the archway to the court, which is sometimes left open by day, but always locked at nightfall, after which every one must pass in and out through the *conciierge's* room. Later in the evening the great outside door into the street is also locked; and if any one wishes to enter after that, it is necessary to unlock a small door in the large one and creep through into the archway. Coming home late from La Scala, or Dal Verme, this is the gloomiest, uncanniest place I have ever known. We open the little door with our night-key, crawl through, and find ourselves in utter darkness and silence. The stone floor and walls feel like a prison-cell. Sometimes we find the *conciierge* nodding in his chair, but sometimes he has gone to bed; then we grope about for a candle, light it, and try to imagine that we can see. A candle possesses the peculiar properties of giving no light while being carried, and depositing much grease on the floor and the robes of the unfortunate bearer.

Little doors open from the staircase in the most unexpected places, with no regard to first, second, and third stories. I do not know whither they lead. Our own door leads into a small anteroom, from which rooms and two passages open. There are, of course, many families in the house, but the tile floors and thick walls separate us from them completely. There are eight windows fronting the street; some houses have more, some less; the one opposite has twelve. There is no such uniformity of size as in New York; we seldom see two houses just alike in the same block.

We have what is called a furnished apartment—that is, a set of rooms all on the same floor, except the kitchen, which is lodged in some mysterious way between two stories, and is reached by ascending a few steps. It is a small, low room, with a fireplace and a stove—but such a stove! It is not inconvenient, after one is resigned to never baking any thing; but it might easily have been invented by Adam, and slightly improved since. It bears about the same resemblance to an American range that a wheelbarrow does to a steam-engine. It is merely a large table made of iron, and the never-failing plaster, with two or three square holes in the top, each having a grate beneath and an opening below to produce a draught. In these holes fires are built, a separate one for each article to be cooked. There is a sort of roof a few feet above, which is intended to carry the smoke

to the chimney. Perhaps it does escape that way sometimes, but I am sure a great deal goes out of the window. There is a place for charcoal in the lower part of this structure, which thus serves the purpose of coal-cellar, table, and cooking-stove. It would suit our ideas better to have a larger coal-cellar, and not have to buy our fuel so often; for its advent in a big basket on a man's back is accompanied by much spilling of charcoal and scattering of coal-dust around the kitchen; but Clementina is used to it, and restores neatness without a word of complaint.

Building a fire is an exciting operation. Sometimes it is accomplished with little trouble; but often some of the coal is not well charred, or some other unforeseen cause produces smoke. Then we seize a large feather fan, which is part of the regular kitchen furniture, and fan the fire vigorously. The smoke fills the room, and makes a darkness that can be felt. With streaming eyes we rush to the window, tear it open, and shut the door communicating with the rest of the house. Then we return to the fire and fan; go back to the window and breathe; and so on until such time as the wood consents to burn. A trying feature of the scene is that the window looks upon the roofs across the court, which are covered with chimneys, and from some of them smoke is arising. The question occurs, "How was it accomplished?"

The fanning process also causes ashes to fly in every direction, much to the detriment of the pots and kettles which hang close by; and yet, the whole apparatus is not inconvenient. Its very insufficiency is a blessing to the housewife, for she cannot do her own baking or washing; she can boil, fry, and broil to her heart's content, but must buy her bread and put out her washing. Indeed, there is no place to dry clothes after they are washed, except out of the window.

As the washing is done at large laundries just outside of the city walls for a very moderate price, the clothes being carried to and fro by the laundry-people, it is a good thing to be obliged to send it out of the house. Ironing is done separately, and in the city. Our ironing-woman comes for the clothes, attended by the oddest, prettiest little girl, not more than ten years old, who carries the basket; the woman carries nothing. And, as good bread can be obtained at low prices, we are very willing to buy it. Sometimes we long for our American-baked meats and desserts; then we carefully prepare a roasting-piece, or a pudding, and send it to our baker. This proceeding, besides frequently reminding us of an old proverb about too many cooks, makes it necessary to appoint the precise time for dinner, and have all the other edibles ready at that moment. Then, the baker's man does not come. We wait, not patiently, for the vegetables must be cooked too much or allowed to get cold; finally, we send for the man, and he arrives in breathless haste, apparently unconscious of any delinquency on his part. We upbraid him as well as we can with our very limited vocabulary. He tries to look sad, but I, individually, suspect him of being amused. We then present him with thirty centesimi, equal to six cents, where-

upon he instantly grows radiant with smiles and thanks, and departs.

We can always have a good meal of any sort we choose to order sent in from a restaurant at a reasonable price; and I presume the Italian oils and flavors suit us quite as well as American cookery would suit the Milanese.

There are houses in Milan where the water is brought up through pipes, but that is by no means the rule. In this house, it is brought up by Clementina in metal pails, that weigh about as much when empty as a tin or wooden pail of the same size would weigh when full. The pump is in the court, and all the families in the building are supplied in the same way. We came to see and learn, not to reform, so we have introduced no improvements as yet, but those pails weigh on my conscience more heavily than they appear to on Clementina's arms.

She never objects to any thing. She is a married woman, with a family of children, but has worked as she does now for many years, and considers herself better off than she was before, for then she lived in the country, worked out-of-doors, and had poorer food, she says. She lives outside of one of the city gates, as most of the very poor do; walks to our house in the morning, a distance of about a mile and a half, and back at night, after doing all our heaviest work. When she leaves home in the morning, she puts a piece of bread in her pocket, and eats it as she walks. I have seldom seen her at any time sitting down quietly to a meal, unless particularly told to do so. She drinks much strong coffee, and eats part of what is provided for her from time to time, as she moves about; not interrupting her work an instant, so far as I can see. What she has left she ties up in a colored kerchief, or a shawl, and carries home with her. Her dress is of the plainest possible description, but neat enough; a large apron, a colored neckerchief, strong stockings, and a pair of wooden-soled shoes, complete her attire. In winter she wears a shawl, sometimes around her shoulders, sometimes over her head. I do not believe she ever had on a bonnet or a hat; a colored kerchief is her usual street head-gear, and even that is often dispensed with. We have another servant who is a step higher in the social scale, and, when she is dressed for a "festa," she wears a lace veil upon her head like the Milanese ladies. Many of the peasant-women wear a remarkable arrangement of pins on the back of the head, more suitable for a soldier's breastplate than for a mere ornament. It is said that they only find it necessary to arrange the back hair once each week when dressed in this way; but I am not prepared to vouch for the truth of that statement. Lace is worn by all classes.

The shoes of the poor are well adapted to keep them in subjection, as much so as the long dresses and tight waists of womankind. For they consist of wooden soles, with strips of cloth or leather over the toes; no "uppers" around the heel; so that all freedom of motion is at once rendered impossible. Imagine a child trying to run in a pair of these articles, which may well be called "slippers." I have seen the attempt, but it was a failure.

Of course, if the boy had lifted his feet from the ground, the shoes would have been left behind. But the wooden soles are very warm in this land of damp stone floors.

Clementina does our marketing, and it is to be supposed that she buys such things as other people buy. Brooms and broom-handles are purchased separately, and one handle, usually crooked, lasts for many brooms. To be sure it comes out, unless used with the utmost caution, and the broom itself is open to criticism; but they are such as our neighbors use, and we are contented. We buy almost every thing by weight. Butter is never salted, so we must have it fresh every day; it comes home wrapped first in grape-leaves, and then in paper. We send for enough steak for five, and receive five neatly-cut pieces of beef, not invariably cut from the steak-part of the animal, however. I do not say that it cannot be bought in any other way, but there are as yet difficulties in the way of our doing our own marketing. We can go into a shop and, pointing to the article desired, ask, "*Quanta costa questa?*" as smoothly as if we could have made a much longer remark if it had been desirable; we can understand as far as *lire* in the answer, and it isn't much matter about *centesimi*. But sometimes the required article is not visible. Then we carefully compose a sentence and try its effect upon the shopkeeper—perhaps he understands, perhaps he doesn't; but, in either case, he bursts forth into a very unnecessary and rapid speech, not in Italian, of which we know little, but in the Milanese dialect, of which we know nothing. This is in the smaller shops; in the large places of business French is spoken. Educated people in Milan almost always speak French, many of them German, and a few understand English. To be sure, they do not always speak them well; the Italian-French is somewhat puzzling to a stranger, for the two languages resemble each other so closely that many Italians imagine themselves able to speak French with very little previous study, and produce a remarkable mixture of tongues. My first experience of this was a few days after my arrival. I wanted some post-stamps, and, being told that I could obtain them in a shop close by, I carefully committed to memory the sentence necessary, as I supposed, to obtain them, and went alone. Milan shops are not as our shops; I did not recognize the one to which I had been directed. I stood looking vacantly up and down the street, when a gentleman spoke to me in very good French, asking what I wanted. I told him, and he walked nearly a quarter of a mile to show me the post-office; and this is by no means an isolated instance of Milanese politeness and good-nature.

My guide left me a little distance from the post-office; but, seeing a shop where "*Francotolli*" were advertised, a little nearer, I rashly decided to buy them there. I went in, and said my sentence. So far, good; the man understood, and handed me the stamps, one for thirty centesimi, one for twenty, and one for five, enough to send one letter to America. I then tried to explain that I wanted twenty of each kind, but, as the only word I knew which had any bearing on the subject was twenty, I failed. The shopman held up

the one worth twenty centesimi, and seemed to tell me that it was what I wanted. I do not know what he said; he talked a long time. The noise of the affray attracted another man, who came forward, and asked me if I spoke French. I answered in that language, and he undertook to act as interpreter, with much kindness, but with little linguistic skill. He and the shopkeeper then talked both at once, neither of them understanding any thing I said, when another gentleman appeared who really did understand French, and my troubles were soon at an end.

All our floors are made of tile, or of a very pretty composition of plaster and pebbles. We have carpets in the winter, but it is common to leave the floors bare during the warm weather. Cooper, in his book about Italy, says that these floors, besides being safer, must be warmer than those made of wood. I have not found them so; I never suffered with the cold as much as here in "sunny Italy," during the time of snow and rain. Upon first entering our parlor, I looked about in vain for a stove, but at length discovered that heat proceeded from a singular piece of furniture made of plaster, and apparently intended as a stand for a bust, which surmounted it. Its construction is exceedingly simple, but I cannot yet look at it without the reflection that, if I had tried to invent a stove, I could not have produced this one. A small place for a wood-fire at the bottom; above that a sort of small oven, or hot-air chamber, with a door; then another large hot-air chamber, with a round grated hole to allow the heat to escape. The main Italian idea seems to be to avoid heat, not to produce it. Rain, snow, and damp, stone-floors and narrow streets, where the sun can seldom penetrate, please them better than sunlight and fire. Coal is almost unknown in a real Italian household; wood is scarce and high. We burn wood cut in small pieces to suit the small place for it in the large stove, and also a kind of peat.

The rest of our furniture is not unlike that used in America. The windows always open inside like two doors; the blinds outside usually have immovable slats; but there are inside shutters, and also, besides three sets of curtains, a shade outside, which can easily be raised or lowered by pulling a string.

So much for our in-door life. Outside there is much to amuse and interest us; too much even to mention in my small space.

The great cathedral, weather-stained and blackened by the dust of the busy city, but still a wonder of costly workmanship, is only one of many beautiful churches. Opera-houses and theatres are numerous. La Scala is the largest; and the smallest, as far as I know, is one where all the plays are performed by puppets moved by wires and ropes. The effect would be better if the ropes were not so plainly visible; but the acting is very effective, nevertheless.

Our favorite drive is on the Bastioni, or city walls. There is a wide carriage-road, with long lines of old trees on each side, commanding a fine view both of the city and of the adjacent country, with the Alps glittering in the distance.

There is a public garden, somewhat resembling a small Central Park. Carriages are not admitted; but all classes of people frequent it, often spending hours lounging on the well-shaded benches. This, and the Corso and Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, are the favorite promenades. The latter place is quite a curiosity in itself. It is formed of four blocks of handsome buildings, not quite finished; the two short streets between being covered with an arched transparent roof, having a high dome at the centre, where they cross. The floor is a handsome mosaic. It is quite amusing to see the gas lighted in the dome at nightfall. The gas-burners form a circle around the interior; a man on one side turns on the gas, winds up a little engine, puts in a lighted torch, and lets it go. It passes rapidly half-way around, lighting the burners on its way, to another man, who winds it again, puts in a fresh torch, and sends it back to the spot from which it started.

The Milanese appear to be industrious, but not well paid. There are too many people in proportion to the work to be done. I have been credibly informed that a neighbor's nursery-maid receives four francs per month, and her cook considers herself well paid at fourteen. Clementina only asked for twelve francs, or not quite two dollars and a half, per month; but our American consciences impel us to frequent gifts of money.

Nevertheless, they seem a cheerful, contented people. The city is well provided with hospitals for them when they are sick, and there are many public festivities to amuse them when they are well; processions, illuminations, music in the open air, etc. Lent is four days shorter, and the carnival-time longer, in Milan, than elsewhere; consequently, the celebration of the last few days begins here just as it ends in other cities of Italy. We went to a house on the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, one afternoon, to see the fun. The streets were so crowded that it was with great difficulty, and through showers of powder, that we succeeded in walking the two blocks. All Milan seemed to be in the streets, in either fancy dresses or plain working-clothes, and all occupied in throwing at each other *bonbons*, or else little balls of white powder, which they call *coriandoli*, and which break easily, covering the people and the street, and filling the air with a fine white dust. There was just room in the street for a line of carriages; every available spot of standing-room was occupied; every little square was full of seats made for the occasion; every balcony had a group of fancifully-dressed people, often masked, who shoved out the *coriandoli* vigorously upon the heads of those below. There were many private carriages in the procession, but the main part consisted of immense open vehicles filled with people in absurd fancy dresses. One of these consisted of a huge violin full of musicians; no *coriandoli* was thrown at this. Another was four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie; the birds being men in masks, and the interior of the pie containing a great quantity of the powder, which was bestowed freely upon the heads of the crowd. The second day we hired a covered carriage, and joined the procession. It

did seem rather cowardly to sit comfortably inside while our poor coachman groaned under constant storms of powder; so we opened our windows from time to time, and were rewarded by more *bonbons* than powder.

LUCY B. MAGIE.

THE CAÑON OF THE COLORADO,

AND THE MOQUIS PUEBLOS.

CHAPTER V.

SHORTLY before leaving Salt Lake a rumor had reached the city that gold had been struck at the mouth of Kanab Cañon, and that miners were taking out two ounces of "dust" daily. Although, from my knowledge of the Colorado cañons, I had little faith in the reported discovery, yet I was prepared to find Kanab in a blaze of excitement. I was not in this disappointed; for upon my arrival the town presented much the same animated appearance as California did in '48. But a week of prospecting served to cool the excitement, and the majority of the miners left in extreme disgust.

The route from Kanab to the Colorado is by the way of Buckskin Mountains and a small cañon to Kanab Wash, and thence to the river, a distance, in all, of seventy-five miles. Thirty miles from Kanab I made my first halt at a mountain-ranch, where I was detained three days by a terrific snow-storm. From this point to the Colorado I was accompanied by a party of miners. For the first twenty-five miles after leaving the ranch I found the cañons simply long and narrow valleys, hemmed in by cliffs from three to eight hundred feet high. These walls, in many places, are carved with strange figures and signs; and remnants of pottery of excellent workmanship are frequently found bestowed upon the base of the rocks. Occasionally the decayed walls of a hut built of stone and mortar are met with. These relics possessed for us the interest of original discovery, as we were probably the first white men that ever passed down the cañon, the Pah-Utes having always assured explorers that it was impossible to make the river by this route, thus deterring them from the attempt. The Utes state in their traditions that the hieroglyphics upon these cañon-walls have existed for many hundred moons, and that the country was once inhabited by a nation who have gone across the river. This nation is supposed to have been the Moquis Pueblos, or "Dying Town," as the name is interpreted.

Within twenty miles of the river the walls of the cañon gradually close in, until, in many places, they reach within fifty feet of each other. They also gain altitude, until, at the junction of the Colorado, they tower three thousand feet in air. The sun is seen only three hours during the day. Words are inadequate to describe the sensations of one entering the tomb-like vastness. The upper strata of the cliffs is composed of tinted sandstone, beautifully veined with purple. A few miles farther on this changes to lime-

stone, of a bluish gray, filled with slate-flint and chalcedony.

Eight miles from the river the "Wash," hitherto a dry gulch, becomes all at once a clear stream of water, dashing and foaming over the rocks—now and then washing the smooth floor of the cañon from wall to wall, or beating angrily against boulders that dispute its course. The passage of the pack-animals was here made with much difficulty and labor. Six miles from the river is a crystal spring, called the Fern Shower-Bath. A large, flat rock, twenty by thirty feet square, projects from the cañon-walls, at a sufficient height for a person to walk under, and above this table a living spring of ice-cold water gushes from a fissure in the rock. The fall is of a greenish-white spray, that has engendered a luxuriant growth of fern and moss, fringed with fragrant honeysuckles and dotted with blue-eyed forget-me-nots. From the bottom depend stalactites of varied beauty, and around the base, in wanton profusion, bloom the delicate bluebell, the sprigged geranium, and wild-rose. The place was a mass of twining and intertwining vines, and upon some of the stalactites we observed the rare and beautiful *adiantum*.

Tearing ourselves with difficulty away from this enchanting scene, we followed the cañon down a mile farther, when a sharp bend suddenly revealed to us a pinnacle twenty-two hundred feet high. This wonderful freak of Nature is called Cleopatra's Needle. It is covered at its base with curious symbols similar to those already described.

On the 15th of April the familiar roaring of a rapid told me that the Colorado was near; and that evening we pitched our tent where the Wash enters the river.

The day after our arrival I visited a mining camp, of which one John Riley was chief, a mile and a half down-stream. Expecting to find them hard at work "panning out," we were somewhat surprised to find only one person in camp, Riley having gone up the river a week previous with a small rocker to work up a newly-discovered flat, and the others of the company being absent on a "prospecting trip." Near the place was a water-fall of three hundred feet into the river from a lateral gulch called Marble Cañon.

As the scenery was reported fine, I resolved to visit it; and so, shouldering my camera, I started, with one assistant, for a ten-mile climb over limestone and marble boulders. I found the cataract fully equal to the description given of it. The walls rise perpendicularly five hundred feet, and the fall is unbroken and magnificent. Passing around the falls, we encountered a granite wall projecting into and over the river, which we were obliged to scale. This would have been impossible of accomplishment but for our alpenstocks and ropes, but, after two hours' work, we found ourselves in the very heart of the American Alps, twelve hundred feet above the river, and at a point commanding an extended view of the Grand Cañon. Language fails to describe the emotions engendered by the sublimity of this scene. Major Powell, in his lecture on this cañon, says: "Were its fronting precipices organs, with

their mountainous columns and pilasters for pipes, they might produce a *De Profundis* worthy of the scene—its sentiments and inspirations." There is neither bombast nor exaggeration in these words, for all forms of expression must fail to do justice to the majesty of eighty leagues of mountain sculptured by a mighty river—"always indescribably grand, and always indescribably terrible." Before us a straight, clean chasm, cut through even ledges of rock stretched out, and in its depths a narrow line of blue reflected the far-off heavens. Farther on, a lateral cañon breaches the walls, and a desolation of giant architecture and broken images startles the beholder like monuments of a departed race. Speaking of this portion of the cañon, that divides the Buckskin Mountains, or Kanab Plateau, Major Powell again says: "Something like half of the strata that sheathe the earth has been cut through by the Colorado, beginning at the top of the groove with hundreds of feet of limestone, and closing at the bottom with a thousand feet of granite."

Here, as in many other parts of the American Desert, Nature's sculpture is rivaled by her paintings. Blue-gray limestone containing coral; mottled limestone mixed with flint and chalcedony; red, brown, and blue limestone, alternating with green and yellow shale, lent a richness of color to the sterile landscape, and recompensed us for the toil and difficulty of the ascent, leaving out of consideration the "broad rush of liquid porphyry, swift and pitiless," that sent up to us its thrilling harmony. On the farther side of this grim current, precipices, stretching as far as the eye could reach, arose to the height of five and six thousand feet, while in the rear the peaks of the Buckskin Mountains, receding, thrust their snow-capped heads far into cloudland.

We had now advanced one mile up the river from the Buckskin Cascade, as I named the fall, but, before retracing our steps, we determined to go on over the shelf, and, if possible, explore a strange fissure we had observed in the solid wall of the cañon. Expecting to find a narrow gorge or chasm, what was our surprise and wonder at suddenly emerging into a lonely valley, flower-decked and verdant! In its centre stood a grove of young cotton-wood trees, through which flowed a limpid stream of water, fed by a dozen springs gushing from the foot of the mountain. Almost involuntarily we named this Surprise Valley, although paradise it seemed to our rock-wearied eyes. Bent upon enjoying the "good the gods had provided," we scrambled down the mountain, and under the shade of the cotton-woods enjoyed the refreshment of sleep and food.

The valley, or mountain-basin, as it really is, is a half-mile wide and two miles long. It is the outlet of a gulch, and is surrounded by mountains three thousand feet high. The summits of these mountains are covered with eternal snows, and greatly resemble the glaciers as seen from the valley of Chamouni. On the river-side a wall of slate and sandstone rises to the height of eight hundred feet, and through this a mountain-stream has cut a narrow channel or crevice, from which a lateral crevice cuts through to the river—a

distance of three hundred yards—from which there is a beautiful view of the Colorado. The stream, running through the lower crevice, drops down in gradual cascades until it makes its final plunge, where it is precipitated into the river in a sheet five feet wide by a fall one hundred feet deep. Because of its serpentine course, I was unable to take a picture giving the entire crevice, and was obliged to content myself with taking views at different points. Walking about on projecting ledges, in many places so narrow as scarcely to afford foothold, with yawning chasms beneath us, and the muffled sound of water running far below confusing the ear, gave photographing a charm unknown to the studios; and, while pursuing our perilous way, a curious archeological observation was made. In many places the ledge seemed to be formed artificially of stone and mortar, and in one place the impress of a beautiful feminine hand graced the wall. This hand was like a dark blood-stain in color, and was neither carved nor laid on with any material that chemicals would act on. Could it be that this was the mausoleum of some long-extinct race, and this hand so symmetrical and womanly reached out from the eternal rocks to tell the tale of its ossification? Just where two stately cotton-woods flung tricky shadows over a noisy little cascade, we paused to weave fancies weird and strange around the evidences of generations unknown, who "rolled down the ringing grooves of time," and left nothing to tell their story.

Our provision now running low, it became necessary to get back to the Kanab-Cañon camp as expeditiously as possible, and, rather than again climb the rocks, we determined to sail down the Colorado on a raft. Having constructed a float, it was found not sufficiently large to carry two; and my companion, preferring the overland route to the water, started on foot, leaving me to solitary navigation. In three minutes after pushing off, I had run a terrific rapid, and in less than an hour reached camp, a distance of twelve miles.

In company with Mr. Samuel Rudd, I again climbed over the cliffs into Surprise Valley. After remaining for two days in the valley, during which time I was busy with the camera, we returned to the deserted rendezvous at Kanab Cañon. The miners having taken our pack-trains to assist in their stampede, and the time not yet having arrived for its return, we concluded to travel up the cañon by easy stages and meet it. On reaching the Fern Shower-Bath, our provisions were found to be nearly exhausted, and Rudd determined to push ahead as fast as possible to hasten the supplies that should have met us at this point. Being left alone in this cavernous wild, upon half allowances of flour and tea, was not a cheerful prospect; but I had plenty of chemicals and a growing appetite to sustain me, and bivouacked just above the shower-bath, close under an overhanging crag that afforded me protection from inclement weather and falling stones.

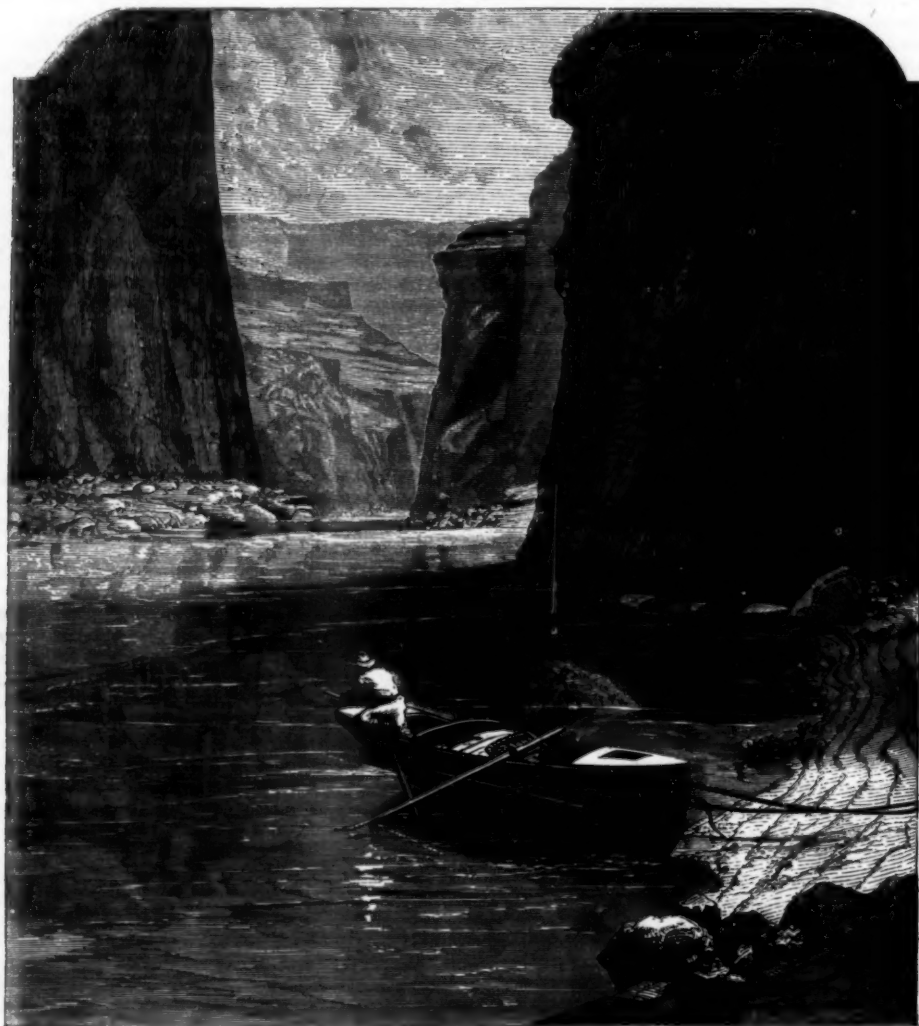
Upon the morning of the 6th, just as my cupboard reflected the heart-rending condition of Mother Hubbard's, the most musical sound that ever agitated the atmosphere of

that cañon fell upon my ear. It was Rudd swearing the mules round a bowlder. But, alas for my empty stomach, the provision had given out at the ranch, and I was left with two days of hard travel between me and my breakfast, twenty-five miles of it without water! That journey, with its record of hunger, thirst, and fatigue, I had rather not think of; but when, after four days instead of two, we arrived at the ranch, and found that supplies had arrived before us, I think

making a thorough survey of the Navajos country. I took with me Captain Bishop as a traveling-companion, and Joseph Mangrum as guide.

As we had, of course, to make the Paria Crossing, it was thought best to strike that stream at the Paria Farm, and follow it down, instead of pursuing the usual route, over which, it will be remembered, we traveled in coming from the expedition-boats. The Paria Farm has a settlement of eight families,

rate of eight miles an hour. To attempt swimming horses through this would be sheer madness, and reluctantly we gave up our trip to the Moquis until low water. Our attempt had not been without its rewards, however, for near the mouth of the Paria River we discovered one of the families of the notorious Mormon John D. Lee, consisting of a wife and seven children, the eldest of which was not more than ten years old. Here, in a miserable ranch, forty-five miles from any



MARBLE CAÑON.

we held a Thanksgiving-day fully as devout as New England ever witnessed.

The following day I continued my pilgrimage to Kanab, which place I reached on the 10th of May.

CHAPTER VI.

On the 22d of May I again left Kanab, with the intention of crossing the Colorado and visiting the Moquis (Aztec) villages, also

and is fifty miles distant from the Colorado. Here we made a halt of two days, mending pack-saddles and making every thing snug for the prospective tour.

Arriving within forty miles of the Colorado, the Paria Valley was found to be so full of quagmires and quicksands that we were forced to abandon that route and take to the mountains.

Arriving at the Colorado, we found it at least twenty-four feet higher than when we crossed it the fall before, and running at the

settlement, and divided only by a river, fordable in low water, from the most savage of Indian tribes—the Apaches and Navajos—lived this faithful woman with her little brood, subsisting, as best she might, on the milk of a few cows and what she could win from the unwilling elements.

On our return to Kanab by way of Horse-Rock Valley, we found, at Jacob's Pool, the veritable John D. Lee himself. Much curiosity must naturally attend the mention of so noted an outlaw. and to those unac-

quainted with the history of Utah a brief account of the Mountain-Meadow massacre, in which Lee figured so conspicuously, may not be uninteresting:

In the spring of 1857 a party of immigrants, numbering one hundred and twenty-five men, women, and children, passed through Salt Lake on their way to California, and took the southern route. This company, composed chiefly of Missourians and Illinoisians, were particularly obnoxious to many of the Mormon leaders on account of their having been "persecutors of the saints" before their hegira into Utah. Although the majority of the immigrants were well-to-do, respectable people, and inclined to pass the Mormons by without molesting them, there were among them a few incendiary spirits; and to these may be attributed the tragedy that followed. Having cleared Utah, the cattle accompanying the train were found to be in such condition as necessitated a few days' rest; and accordingly they went into camp at a place thirty miles from Harmony, called the Mountain Meadows. Here they were attacked by a force of Indians and Mormons, and withstood a siege of several days, with much loss of life. Then, under a flag of truce, three or four of the Mormon leaders held parley with the beleaguered immigrants, and, having induced them by promise of a safe return to the settlements, and protection from the Indians, to deliver up their arms, treacherously fell upon them, slaughtering the entire company, with the exception of a few of the youngest children.

This hellish deed is generally attributed to the Indians, but that the leaders were Mormons is generally asserted. John D. Lee, at that time Bishop of Harmony and commander of the Mormon troops for the Southern District, is reported the prime instigator of the massacre, and has been "read out of the church" for many years. Although a fugitive from justice, with a price set on his head, meeting him here in his stronghold we found him hospitable, while his manner was marked by that eternal vigilance which is the price of safety. His ranch is at the foot of a range of mountains, and in the rear of his house, among the cliffs, he has a secret stronghold, where, provisioned and armed, he defies the officers of the law. On our first approach he was invisible, but, after assuring himself that we were not "emissaries of the government," he made his appearance in the character of host. He is a man at least sixty years old, the father of forty-five children and the husband of twenty-one wives, only four of whom now acknowledge his marital right. His families, I surmise, receive little if any attention from him.

One of the most humane arguments against polygamy is the fact that many families scattered throughout the Territory are compelled to live for weeks and months in extreme poverty. The Mormons, as a rule, are a hard-working, industrious people, animated by the ambition of building themselves homes in the desert; but the maintenance of several families miles apart destroys the elements of true homes, entails poverty, outrages decency and motherhood, and, so far from "building up the kingdom of God," as the polygamists

claim, is the curse and will be the downfall of Mormonism.

John D. Lee, ostracized and hunted as he is, is still, in his versions of the Mountain-Meadow massacre, a fit illustration of the dangerous character of Mormonism. While it is now well known that prominent officers, both military and ecclesiastical, aided and abetted the outrage for which he is outlawed, he insists that they were "God-fearing men," and "knelt and prayed to be guided in council!" Although it was proved beyond question that a full report of the matter was given to Brigham Young by Lee, he still maintains that the "governor" did not uphold the "enthusiasts," though he has failed to punish them, except in Lee's person. According to this man's account, a messenger was sent to Brigham during the siege, asking counsel; and the answer was: "Let the immigrants go; they have been sufficiently punished for the indignities offered us." This answer arrived too late.

On the 7th of June we arrived at Johnson's Ranch, fifteen miles from Kanab, and there I decided to make a trip to the Buckskin Mountains, with the view of striking that point where the Colorado cuts through them. The greatest difficulty attending this excursion was in obtaining a competent guide, as few white men had ever ventured so near the river in that direction. Even the Pah-Utes had little knowledge of the country, and all agreed that water in the mountains would be very scarce. I finally succeeded in securing the services of Nank, a nominal chief, in that capacity, upon condition that himself and companions should each have "a blanket and plenty of powder;" and, after due preparation, we left Kanab on the 14th of June. After three days' travel—a distance of seventy-five miles—we encamped in a little valley near the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Thus far we had found water in plenty, and the growth of pines on these mountains is very thick; so much so, indeed, as to impede the progress of the pack-animals. A good part of this timber is large and fine, and would be valuable to a ship-builder. The valley in which we camped, although rich and beautiful in fertility, bears the ominous title of "The Valley of Death;" this from the fact that at one time it was the camping-ground of a tribe of the Pah-Utes, where, the measles breaking out among them, a hundred deaths occurred in a very few days. The place was abandoned, and thereafter avoided by the Indians, unless forced to visit it by a pressing need of water. The second day of our sojourn in the Valley of Death, one of our Indians, who had been out hunting deer, returned, and said that, while wandering among the cliffs, he had distinctly heard some one calling to him. I was somewhat surprised at this information, as this part of the mountain was so little visited, but suggested that it might be a wandering Indian, and asked what tribe the language of the call indicated. Shaking his head gloomily, he answered:

"Koch white man—koch. Indian! You wichee Pah-Ute yakhwa. You wichee Pah-Ute ded!"—meaning that it was the voice of the dead calling to him, his superstition teaching him that the valley was haunted;

and, as such a locality was of course uncomfortable, the red man proposed at once to leave.

The situation was scarcely a pleasant one to me, who had no superstitious fears. I was a hundred miles away from any Caucasian, in a mountainous region through which I could not find my way without a guide, and at the mercy of two Digger Indians, who, for aught I knew, might tomahawk me at any moment.

That night, while broiling a venison-steak by the camp-fire, we were further startled by an unearthly noise issuing from a side cañon, like the hoarse bellowing of a bull. What occasioned it I never was able to ascertain, and can only think it the roaring of a mountain-lion. My guides were, of course, terrified out of all reason, and were confident that supernatural agencies were at work to drive us from the place. Indeed, they would have fled through the darkness "anywhere—anywhere out of the valley," had they not an idea that the "spirits" were afraid of powder, and emptied the chambers of both pistols and rifles at intervals into the surrounding gloom. I felt no particular fear of the "dead men," but, being a little sensitive to the attentions of wild beasts, I lighted a quantity of pine-torches, and kept them burning all night to guard the camp against such visitants.

When morning dawned, I, out of consideration for the feelings of my companions, packed up and moved several miles to the margin of a small lake, situated near the brow of a mountain that had been cut in twain by the resistless waters of the Colorado. Here the view was something stupendous. To the right and left the sinuous windings of the cañon wound away like a monstrous serpent, five thousand feet beneath us, while the river, with its rapids and cascades, stretched away like a string of milk-white pearls from some far-off casket. There were frowning walls and abutments, carved by the giant hand of the wind into every conceivable shape. On one projecting cliff stood what seemed a turreted castle twelve hundred feet high. Upon visiting it, I found the walls decorated with carvings of beasts, birds, serpents, and mystic signs.

From this elevation, probably eight thousand feet above the sea, a comprehensive view of the surrounding country was obtained. To the east, at a distance of one hundred miles, lay the San Francisco Mountains of Arizona, near which are the ruined cities of the Aztec tribes. At the north, Mount Seneca, Howland, and the Dirty-Devil Range, towered, flanked by the Wasatch Mountains stretching nearly the entire length of Utah. At the south, the snowy peaks of Mount Trumbull glistened in the sunlight, the whole forming an imposing and magnificent perspective for a landscape rarely seen and still more rarely equaled.

Having made my views and explored the vicinity to my satisfaction, I returned to Kanab without further adventure, and waited with what patience I could command for the falling of the river, and a visit to the Moquis towns.

E. O. BEAMAN.

AT THE OLD CRAIGIE MANSION.

THE person who enjoys literature for its own sake, for its genuine feeling and glow of *bonhomie* and culture, rather than its excitement and perplexities, would enjoy a half-hour's chat with Mr. Longfellow probably as much as with any other American poet of equal cultivation. His face seems to me the very personification of kindness and sympathy; and I have always felt, when hearing people speak of a shade of seeming *l'air* shutting out all light and life at times, that the fault lay with themselves rather than with the Anglo-American poet, on the principle that, if we cannot appreciate high art on canvas or the highest character in the face of a poet, the fault must indisputably be our own.

I found myself, on a recent occasion, leaving a Mount-Auburn car just beyond the almost classic University-Press building—doubly so since the Boston magazine hails from its portals—and walked briskly up the wet-weather board-walk toward the old-fashioned house used as Washington's headquarters in Revolutionary days, and soon rattled the ponderous knocker, still retained as more appropriate to the lingering antiquity of the Craigie Mansion than the modern polished knob and tinkling bell.

Within, all was plain and unpretentious, but rich in tone. In the library, massive and "respectable" (to use the word in its Boston or Cambridge sense) almost as the Athenæum itself, there seemed indeed an untenable sombreness that one might imagine here was written some of the most mournful of the pathetic passages of "Evangeline," or as though here he drew the inspiration for the lines:

"All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide
With feet that make no sound upon the floors."

But here is only stored the recorded wealth of minds of all ages worthy of description, though the description would hardly be one that the popular demand would seek.

In his study, to which I was almost immediately ushered, every thing seemed in confusion, but it was not the confusion of carelessness, but rather of culture. Neither was it studied so to appear formal or stiff, but a charming naturalness rested over every thing, as though each object were endowed with a certain intelligence and knowledge as to its own appropriate nook, which it dutifully sought. The study-table was literally strewn with little articles of *virtu*—some gifts from loving friends and others mementos of and gleanings from various quarters of the globe. Curious and rare relics also had conspicuous places, from both our own and foreign lands. One relic he showed me was a small cannon-ball, ploughed up by one of the farm-laborers on the place one day, and brought to the poet by Mr. Craigie himself—a ball probably thrown from one of the port-holes of

"The Somerset, British man-of-war,"
subsequent to the dark night when the
"friend" of Paul Revere heard

"The measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore."

But the most curious and interesting *souvenir* in his collection was one from the antipodes—a Chinese fan, on which is written, in Chinese characters, a translation of the famed "Psalm of Life," sent him by the translator, Tung Tajen, a noted Chinese scholar and a great admirer of Mr. Longfellow's works. The fan is one of the folding kind, of inverted-pyramid shape when open, and the characters are inscribed thereon, beginning at the right-hand upper corner, and reading down one of the supports or bars toward the hand, then going to the top of the second one to the left, and so on. But still more curious is a retranslation, literally, into English, by an Englishman, on the staff of the late Hon. Anson Burlingame, I believe, which is one of the curiosities of inter-lingual literature, and which was presented to Mr. Longfellow during the visit of Mr. Burlingame and suite to Boston. I was accorded a gracious permission to copy so much of the retranslation as pleased me, and I accordingly did so. I give the retranslation of the first two stanzas, and transcribe the same verses from the original poem for the convenience of comparison:

I.

"Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem."

II.

"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal.
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul."

The *reintée* into English from Celestial language of the sturdy thought of the American poet is made in the following garb:

I.

"Do not manifest your discontent in a piece of verse:
A hundred years [of life] are, in truth, as one sleep [so soon are they gone];
The short dream [early death], the long dream [death after long life], alike are dreams [so far as the body is concerned; after death]
There still remains the spirit [which is able to] fill the universe."

II.

"The material born of heaven and earth [the powers of Nature] is in no wise purposeless;
From of old though the leopard dies, there is still left his skin [for all];
Although what comes forth from the ground still returns to the ground,
The spirit-nature still lives; there is no interruption to its days."

And so on through the remaining seven stanzas, the misconceptions of meaning and confounding of words with double or more definitions often provoking a smile, and even causing one to hazard the suspicion that one or two more translations would place the Cambridge poet, as a transcendentalist, side by side with the sage of Concord. Probably the funniest misconception is that in the second line of the second stanza, though whether on the part of the translator from the English or from the Chinese is a matter for conjecture.

My curious eye was subdued by a feeling

of reverence, so to speak, as it devoured with a hasty glance the beauties of picture, book, and ornament, on wall and table in other apartments, through which I was courteously shown by the poet-host of the hour. Among the paintings, the one I observed most keenly was the one by that poet of the pen, pencil, and chisel, Thomas Buchanan Read, engravings of which, a few years ago, were as profuse as falling leaves after the first autumnal frost, and even now are found on many walls. This picture is the one known as "Longfellow's Children;" a fault in the artist's drawing, it will be remembered, giving rise to the belief that one of the poet's children was born without arms. As an instance of the tenacity—without which a belief (I had almost said superstition) of this kind clings to people somewhat bigoted in adhering to already formed opinions—Mr. Longfellow related an incident of comparatively recent occurrence, quite as amusing as it was annoying. His brother poet and most intimate friend, James Russell Lowell, was in a Mount-Auburn horse-car, and on the opposite seat sat a party of women, one of whom, a sort of chattering magpie, acting the part of *chaperon*, said, as the car approached the old Craigie Mansion:

"This is where Longfellow lives—the poet, you know. Funny such nice people should have such queer notions about some things. I should have thought he'd have wanted to build a new house. But I s'pose it's true that poets all have a crazy spot somewhere in their heads."

Then, after a pause, during which some immaterial remark was made by one of her auditors, she continued:

"What a pity that one of his children—a pretty girl otherwise, they say—was born without arms!"

Mr. Lowell thought here was a good opportunity to stop, in one circle at least, the currency of so absurd a story, and said, in his most gentlemanly manner:

"I beg your pardon, madam, but I am an intimate friend of Mr. Longfellow's family, and I can assure you there is no truth in the story about his child."

"I beg your pardon, sir," the lady retorted, all the clannishness of her strata of development transforming her into a human porcupine—"I beg your pardon, sir, but I have it from a lady who had it from Mr. Longfellow himself."

Then a self-satisfied arrangement of drapery, and a triumphant adjustment of her bonnet, warned Mr. Lowell that the ground was dangerous, and he discreetly said no more.

Several very choice works of art adorn the walls. A noticeable one, from its strong reds and greens, is of cardinals walking beside a Roman fountain, from the easel of Guerra, an Italian artist; another is a head, by David, of much force and expression; and one below it has many excellent points. These two latter ones are hung in a queer nook, or corner, where, when the old-fashioned interior blinds are thrown open, a strong flood of light reveals their beauties to the greatest advantage.

To the friends of Mr. Longfellow, his personality is as charming as is his literary pres-

ence to his admirers and lovers in the study and the drawing-room; and to those who may have felt a subtle hint of a premature pang at the title of his last volume, as indicating that "the sear and yellow leaf" of his autumn would soon disappear beneath the shrouding snow of the winter of death and silence, it is sufficient to say that, though his hair is white, his eye is as bright and animated as it is kindly and genial (which in this case is the acme of praise), and that the "Aftermath" is not so much a fall as it is a late summer growth, and that the poetry-lovers of America will listen with pleasure to many more songs from the warm heart and sympathetic pen of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

EARL MARBLE.

KING MYLAS'S RING.

I.

MYLAS, the King of Caria,
Sat in his royal seat,
Where the leaves of the sacred ilex
Shone in the sultry heat.
And he said to the great Arbaces,
Lord of his men of war:
"Go, bring me the sage Arimen,
Who worships the sacred star!

"For lo! I have heard he treasures,
Better than life or limb,
The gift of a wondrous jewel,
That the great gods gave to him—
Set, with its signs symbolic,
Fast in a golden ring,
That is fit for a satrap's ransom,
Or the finger of a king!"

Straightway they set the Magian
Hard-by the judgment-seat,
Bending before the monarch
Low as his sandaled feet.
"Hear me, O son of Ashur!
Lo, I have sent for thee,
To ask for thy famous jewel,
That my soul may be glad in me!"

Then answered the seer Arimen:
"Nay, what shall thy servant say,
To turn from this gleaming bauble
The great king's heart away?
For lo! when the spirits gave me
This ring, with its blood-red stone,
They said that the stars shone brightly
Over my house alone;

"And that he who holds the jewel,
That gleams in the golden ring,
Shall be lord of his fate forever—
Of life and of death, O king!
Then why should my lord's heart fail him
For that which the gods condemn?
Far brighter the flaming jewels
That garnish his garment's hem!"

Loud laughed the angry monarch
Over his bristling beard.
"Smite me the slave, Arbaces!"—
Straightway the wretch he spared.
And then, from the bleeding body,
Wrenching the shining stone,
Cried, "Hail to the mighty Mylas,
Lord of his fate alone!"

II.

Mylas, the King of Caria,
Battered, and bruised, and torn,
Chained in the dungeon's darkness,
Pondered his fate forlorn;

And still, as he sat and pondered,
He turned in his wasted hand
The ring of the seer Arimen,
Slain in the Carian land.

"Never for me," he muttered,
"Come, with the morrow's morn—
Gracing the Persian's triumph—
Buffet, and scoff, and scorn;
Never for me the triumph,
Leading the captive throng,
Marshaled with mighty music,
And marched to a foeman's song!"

Under the walls of Susa
Loudly they shout to-day;
But deep in the darksome dungeon
Lies there a lump of clay.
For lo! in the night's dark watches,
Mylas, the Carian king,
Has mastered the mighty secret
That lurked in the magic ring.

EDWARD RENAUD.

MISCELLANY.

MINOR ORIGINAL ARTICLES, TRANSLATIONS, AND SELECTIONS.

THE PIGEONS OF SAN MARCO.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

WE stand between the gigantic columns of the Piazzetta. The palace of the doges glows in the golden rays of the setting sun. The cupola of "Maria della Salute" marks its ample outlines in deep blue on the crimson firmament. The numberless gondolas, that glide noiselessly to and fro over the lagoons, remind one of the fantastic conceits of the Oriental poets. To the very zenith the heavens are covered with a sea of brilliant colors; one seems to look into the mysterious realms of another world, into the resplendent halls of Dante's paradise.

And now the bells of San Marco are heard. "Ave Maria!" whisper thousands of lips. It is twenty-four o'clock, as the Venetian says: the sun disappears below the horizon, and all around is veiled in bluish twilight.

At this moment a winged cloud gathers from every direction and descends upon the Marcus Church. It is the sacred pigeons of Venice returning to roost. For a time all is commotion between the cupolas of the basilica, then all is quiet and peaceful in the upper regions; but below, between the arcades, the noise and confusion continue until well on toward midnight.

The pigeons of Saint Marcus are the pride of every true Venetian. Extravagant patriots have left these birds considerable legacies, and the common people hold them in a sort of religious awe. They believe that the weal and woe of the city depend upon the well-being of these sacred birds. There is a Venetian saying in Venice that "when the pigeons leave Saint Mark's Place, the sea will swallow us up!"

Venice treats her *protégés* with a truly maternal care. Whoever maltreats a pigeon is instantly arrested. If it is his first offense, he is released on payment of a fine of fifty lire, about ten dollars; if not the first offense, he is compelled to expiate his crime in prison. In the olden time, in the days of the doges, the laws for the protection of these birds were more severe than at present. As late as the beginning of the last century, the "murder" of a pigeon was not only punished with death, but the family of the criminal was compelled to pay a heavy fine.

Every day at two o'clock, these feathered favorites are fed, when a special dove-bell is

rung. The little animals are always punctual. If the bell-ringer is behind-time, they fly round the belfry in large flocks, with the view, apparently, of reminding the laggard of his duty. On more than one occasion they have intentionally neglected to ring the bell, but the pigeons were not to be trifled with. They seemed to know that they were in the right, and finally made such an ado, that the promenaders on the piazza insisted that the cruel jest should have an end, for, said some of them, "San Marco will otherwise be offended!"

The feeding of the pigeons is one of the most charming scenes the stranger can witness in Venice.

A beautiful young girl appears upon the square, holding the corners of her apron with her delicately-formed and well-kept hand, and distributes right and left smiles and greetings, as well as food to the gathering multitude. She reminds one of the round, fresh figure in Kaulbach's picture, "Lili's Park." All her movements are graceful and harmonious—perhaps she is a little too self-conscious, but nevertheless she is charming. There she stands, a genuine daughter of the South, and scatters the golden kernels among her fluttering *protégés*.

Or, rather, there she stood, for it is now some years since the pretty Antoinetta disappeared. In her place there is now a handsome lad seventeen or eighteen years old, who acquits himself well enough; still he is but a clod compared with Antoinetta, to whose memory we are all the more inclined to shed a melancholy tear from the fact that her fate is shrouded in mystery. The *cameriere* of the "Café Svizzero" says, the lovely Antoinetta went away with an English lord, but her reasons for thinking so are any thing but conclusive. The Italians seem to think that English lords are numbered by the hundreds of thousands. Whenever any thing extraordinary occurs, whenever there is a mystery that defies solution, whenever a considerable sum of money plays an important rôle, an English lord, in the Italian version of the story, is sure to be the hero. No, no *cameriere*, I will not believe you! Antoinetta was too good a Venetian to be pleased with a blond Britisher! Were yours the imaginative nature of the poetic past; if any of the blood of Titian or Gondoni flowed in your veins, you would long ago have contrived a legend that would have been believed by the native and admired by the stranger. For example: Antoinetta, in return for her devotion to his pigeons, was translated to the other world by Saint Mark, was deified, and is now enthroned at his side as a new "santa." O degenerate sons of Venice, and doubly degenerate art thou, *cameriere* of the Café Svizzero!

As already intimated, there are various superstitious stories and beliefs concerning these Venetian pigeons—the most of them being of respectable age, dating back at least a couple of hundred years. To this day, every pious gondolier firmly believes that they fly three times round the city daily.

"If you see six doves sitting on the cross of the Campanile, you may be sure we are going to have a spring flood," said an old, gray-bearded boatman on the Rialto Bridge.

Over the entrance to Saint Mark's Church there is a famous lion, the symbol of the power and greatness of Venice. Whenever an important political event is about to take place that nearly concerns Venice, the pigeons gather about this lion, so say the Venetians, and hold a council. This occurred in 1848, and also in 1866. When the Emperor of Austria decided to barter the disloyal province off to Napoleon III., and when it was proposed that a *plébiscite* should decide Venice's future, there were hundreds of seers who had foreseen these events, "for the doves."

said they, "are experienced diplomats, and the lion-council is infallible."

The sacred pigeons, according to the generally accredited legend, came originally from Palestine. A troubadour of Provence, who accompanied the French crusaders, occupied his few leisure hours in playing the lyre and in singing. The tones of his instrument were so sweet, so seductive, and the melodies of his songs were so full of delicacy and feeling, that a pair of doves of remarkably sensitive natures were so overcome by them, that when the troubadour embarked at Joppa for home, the two birds lit on his helmet and accompanied him to Venice.

Here the troubadour met a maiden with whom he was not less fascinated than were the two pigeons by his music. He forgot his beautiful Provence, the majestic Rhone, and his fair-haired countrywomen, remained, and married. The two pigeons followed his example. And the people looked upon the poet and the pigeons, and their posterity, as beings of a superior order. To this day poetry is the favorite art of the Venetians.

Another legend asserts that the pope, in the year 1371, presented the doge a pair of pigeons, from whom all the sacred pigeons are descended. This is the story believed by the priests and the more zealous supporters of the Church.

The truth is, that neither version can be satisfactorily authenticated; the only advantage the latter has is the fact that it is strictly within the limits of possibility. A Venetian chronicler of recognized authority records the following incidents, which strip the genealogy of the sacred birds of every thing bordering on the miraculous:

On a Palm-Sunday, in the fifteenth century, the Venetian clergy determined to do something for the amusement of the lower orders. They bought one hundred pigeons in Padua, burdened their wings with little sand-bags, and then let them fly from the top of Saint Mark's across the Piazzetta. The assembled multitude were at liberty to catch the birds and do with them as they would.

The immediate result of this ingenious idea was a riot, which cost several persons their lives. They threw stones, sticks, bottles, and even knives at the birds, without reflecting that these objects, in falling, might do serious injury. The people who were hit refused to accept it as a joke, and the consequence was that a general *mêlée* ensued, which had a tragic end. In the tumult the greater part of the doves escaped, while the less fortunate ones found hiding-places in the rich ornamentation of the cornice and cupolas of the church. Although the asylum of these latter was known to their pursuers, the sacredness of the place rendered them secure. Indeed, from this moment, the fugitives became the *protégés* of the people, and in time the devotion of the Venetians to the sacred birds went so far that a genuine son of the lagoons could not be persuaded to eat the flesh of one of the species. Pigeons are rarely served in the restaurants or hotels of Venice, and when they are, the landlords assure their guests that they come from Milan, Verona, or Udine.

The Venetian's hatred for cats goes hand-in-hand with his pious devotion to his pigeons. In Venice cats are seldom seen. As a natural enemy of birds, they are under a sort of ban. During the last century, four of these "harmless, necessary" animals were burned, on the side of the Grand Canal, as "witches."

Since 1848, the pigeons of Venice have become doubly dear to the citizens; they remind them of the trying but glorious days of the siege.

Venice was beset on all sides by the Austrians. Starvation stared the entire population in the face, but the pigeons of Saint Mark's remained unharmed. Daniel Manin,

the great dictator, respected the traditions of his countrymen, and withheld not one kernel from the daily allowance of the sacred pigeons. The moral effect of this measure more than counterbalanced the material loss in provisions. Venice fell, but its citizens consoled themselves with the proud consciousness of having resisted to the last, and that, too, without destroying one of their favorite flock.

Now, since Venice has become a part of united Italy, a monument has been erected to the memory of Manin in Saint Mark's Church. The people insist that the pigeons know very well whose remains the unpretending sarcophagus contained, and that yearly, on the anniversary of his death, they gather in great numbers before his memorial tablet, and mourn the loss of their friend and benefactor—Venice's noblest son, who was not permitted to witness the rising of the golden sun of freedom.

Then, over the waters of the lagoons hovers a strange pigeon of marvelous whiteness, surrounded by a sort of halo. No one knows whence it comes, or whither it goes. For a moment it tarries over the pinnacles of the "Queen of the Seas," as if it would dispense a blessing; then it disappears, to return at the self-same hour the following year.

It is his spirit—the spirit of Freedom! It is the soul of Manin, the great Venetian! And on the Canalazo the boatmen sing:

"O dolce patria!"

THE SIEGE OF SAMARCAND.

THE sun rises on the morning of the 2d (June, 1868) as brilliantly as ever; but, to the few who are astr within the citadel, he shows a very unlooked-for spectacle. On every side, the hills which encompass the town have broken into sudden life. Every hill-top is one creeping swarm of white turbans, and embroidered dresses, and fluttering pennons, and gleaming steel. It is a living sea of war—and a sea which flows, not aimlessly hither and thither, but straight downward, from every side, upon the doomed city. The heathens have got heart enough to attack us—and they are come!

But the commandant, though no tactician, is a brave soldier, and in no haste to despond. Preparations for defense are made with all possible speed. The guns are withdrawn from the ramparts, and planted in the breaches, which are hastily obstructed with whatever comes to hand; while two parties are sent out, one to reconnoitre, the other to attempt the destruction of the houses lying nearest the wall. At the same time, several loyal natives are sent off to recall the main army.

But, toward afternoon, the leader of the reconnaissance returns in haste, and, with a very grave look on his bronzed, manly face, tells his tale of evil. The enemy have entered the town, and occupied the gardens in such strength as to be dislodged only by a large force; while strong bodies of them are actually pushing forward toward the bazaar in front of the citadel, which they will undoubtedly seize before it can be destroyed. There is nothing for it but to recall the working-party at once; and then comes the brief, stern order—

"Shut the gates!"

The siege of Samarcand is begun.

Before evening the bazaar is already crowded with the enemy, whose gay dresses cluster like bees among the little clay hovels that mask their advance. The main point of attack is evidently the "Bukharski Prolom" (Bokhariote Breach), a huge gap in the eastern face of the wall, close to one of the city gates; and to meet the threatened assault, two guns are planted in the breach, supported by a body of forty picked men. The nearest houses are within easy range of the citadel;

but the gray old wall is silent as the grave, grimly biding its time. And the trees whisper in the evening breeze, and the birds flutter overhead, and the sky is bright with the glow of sunset, and all is calm and beautiful; but, in the midst of this peace and beauty, the carnival of hell is about to begin.

It is close upon six o'clock, when a sudden movement shows itself among the dense masses in the bazaar. Horsemen are seen riding to and fro—fierce cries come up from the heaving throng—and along its outer edge runs a spattering fire of musketry. Then suddenly there is a forward heave, like the surge of a stormy sea, and up to the skies goes the Mussulman war-shout, "God is victorious!" and the horde of tigers, all breaking loose at once, rush to the slaughter.

"Fire!"
Why do they not fire? Gracious Heaven! the cannon are ill loaded, and will not explode!

"Never mind, lads!" shouts the officer in command, with a ring of stern gladness in his voice; "we'll give them the cold steel, like Russians. Steady now, and let them come in!"

But the last words are drowned by the charging roar, and the next moment all around is a sea of bright robes, and dark, fierce faces, and whirling weapons. There is a flash and a crackle of musketry, and a red gap yawns in the living mass, to be filled instantly by new thousands rushing blindly on. And now it is hand-to-hand, and the whole breach is one whirl of slashing sabres, and stabbing bayonets, and pounding musket-butts, while the blood spurts up like rain, and the wounded on either side are trampled to death as they fall.

And now, from the other side of the fortress likewise, comes the din of assault; and the battle rises to a height. Six hundred men against twenty thousand—how long can such a struggle last? Two hours, perhaps three, we may hold out; and then—? But this is no time to think what must happen then. To hold his ground; to die where he has been placed, striking hard and deep to the last—this is what the Russian can do, and he does it.

But in a prolonged struggle of this kind, the Asiatic is always at a disadvantage with the European. It is the battle of the Frenchman and the Englishman over again—the fiery, dashing *blas*, soon hot and soon cold, against the grim, dogged courage that grows only more stubborn as the danger thickens. Little by little, the fury of the assault begins to flag. Had they attacked, in force, all sides at once, the place must have fallen by sheer weight of numbers; but it is the fate of Asiatic leaders never to learn that war is a science; and their sporadic attacks give the defenders time to shift their strength from one point to another, and beat off the assault in detail. By midnight all is still again, with the stillness of utter exhaustion; and the cold moon comes silently over the dark hills around, lighting up the stern, white faces of the dead. The beaten hosts ebb sullenly back to their outwork in the bazaar, and Russian Samarcand has one day longer to live.

All the next day the fight rages; it is one long assault, fiercely made and as fiercely repelled. Nearly a fourth of the officers are already struck down; and of the men at the breaches, there is hardly one left unharmed. But no one flinches. Worn, weary, blood-besmeared, grimed with powder, and fainting with thirst, they fight doggedly on. The Russian blood is fairly up at last, and all sense of pain and weariness, of certain defeat, and the deepening shadow of death, vanishes in the fierce, feverish enjoyment of the greatest pleasure on earth—a hard hand-to-hand fight.

So ends the second day.

Not a man of the garrison has now any hope of escape; all that remains to do is to kill and be killed. But even now (if they knew it), influences are at work which may save them yet. An Asiatic army which has made one vigorous attack without being victorious, is already more than half-beaten; and dissensions follow as a matter of course. So it is now. The chiefs fiercely upbraid each other with the failure of the assault, or squabble about who shall be lord of the city when taken; and at daybreak on the third morning, the weary watchers in the citadel see confused movements going on in the besieging host, and hear strange, angry cries, which are not like the shout of battle. What does this all mean?

It means that this heterogeneous mass of Sarts, Bokhariotes, Shekhri-Sebzians, and Persian slaves, is already falling asunder like an unbound fagot. The rising sun glances upon the tall spears of a great column, filing away to the southward, and leaving the citadel behind. The Shekhri-Sebzians have abandoned the siege in disgust; and with them goes the life of the besieging army. The enemy, thus deprived of their best soldiers, lose heart, and turn the siege into a blockade; and that day and the next pass quietly enough.

But, all this time, what has become of our messengers—the loyal natives whom we sent out to recall the army? The question has been asked again and again during the four terrible days; but it is now destined to have a speedy and unlooked-for answer. On the fourth evening, the enemy display triumphantly along the front of the bazaar a row of bloody heads, fixed on spears—and ask, tauntingly, “whether the Russians know their messengers.”

This is a grievous blow; but mingling with the horror comes something even harder to bear—the reaction of a possible hope, following upon utter despair. Eight messengers have we sent out since the siege began, and here are but seven heads. Where is the eighth? Has he got through? and, if so, may not the army return even now in time to save us? Two, three days more of inaction on the part of the enemy, and we may still escape. But it is not to be. On the sixth morning, there are signs without which show, only too well, that the bloody work is about to begin again.

Then, over every face in that doomed band, comes the set, grim look of the Northman when fairly brought to bay. In stern silence they take their places on the breach; and with them are sick men tottering from weakness, and wounded men with their unbandaged hurts oozing blood, and every thing that has strength to stand up and be out down. This is no time for choice. If the enemy break in, there remains only a death of hideous torture for us all; better die at once, like brothers, fighting side by side to the very last.

I will not attempt to describe that last assault. To those who fought there, it is like the confused remembrance of a nightmare; and, indeed, the men who do these things are always the least able to describe them. Little space is there for thought, with one's brain reeling amid the smoke and uproar as with strong wine, and the wild-beast longing to tear and kill tingling to one's very finger ends. Of all the enemy's attacks, this is the most furious, and the most nearly successful; but it is also the last.

For now there come upon the besieging force terrors of which those within know nothing. Rumors are afloat—at first vague and doubtful, then unmistakably clear—that the Russian army is coming to the rescue; and all now hangs upon success of this final assault. With its failure, the chances of the assailants become desperate—more desper-

ate, indeed, than they are themselves aware. For, late on the seventh night, there steals into the citadel, under cover of the darkness, a gaunt, haggard, dust-begrimed spectre, who, revived by the food which is hastily set before him, tells to listeners as ghastly as himself a strange and stirring tale. He has reached Kaufmann's army, with the commandant's dispatch sewed up in the heel of his sandal; and is now sent back to tell them that the general is advancing to raise the siege, and will be here, at the latest, by the day after to-morrow. Then up into the still air goes a mighty shout, rolling through the dreaming city like a peal of thunder. We are saved!

Saved, indeed, we are. On the following day there is a confusion visible in the enemy's camp, which, after the tidings of last night, is not hard to interpret; and on the ninth morning, the great host rises from its lair, and stalks sullenly away. Before the dust of its march has subsided, an answering cloud rises upon the northern sky, and along the ridges of Tehepan-Ata bristles a glittering line of Russian bayonets.

So ended the siege of Samarcand.—From “*On the Road to Khiva*” (London, 1874).

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JULES JANIN.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

ALTHOUGH Jules Janin, the eminent French *feuilletoniste*, is so greatly prostrated by gout that he is almost unable to move, he has yet managed to write one of the spiciest and most entertaining volumes that have ever emanated from his fertile pen. It is the first volume of his “*Souvenirs littéraires et dramatiques*,” which has just appeared in Paris, and in which he gives, in a chatty, gossip style, an account of the celebrities with whom he was brought in contact during the past fifty years.

La Liberté publishes one of the most entertaining pages of this valuable and interesting work—Janin's first interview with Rachel, the celebrated actress.

“I came home later in the afternoon than usual,” writes M. Janin, “and it was considerably after three o'clock when I found on my desk a note from M. Ponsard, informing me that he would call on me at four, and present to me a young actress who, he was convinced, was endowed with extraordinary talents. I must confess that the prospect of this interview was not very pleasing to me, for I had been bothered so fearfully in the past few years by the personal appeals of histrionic tyros, especially of the fair sex, that I was almost frightened by the announcement of further inflictions of the same kind.

“Consequently, I was in no very good-humor when M. Ponsard made his appearance at the hour indicated, and I was almost horrified upon seeing him ushering two ladies into my room. One of them was a very fat woman, over forty years of age, with features of a strongly Jewish cast; the other a girl of about twenty, extremely slender, almost skin and bones, dressed in very plain clothes, also with a Hebrew profile, and with a countenance that would have been almost repulsive but for her magnificent black eyes, whose proud, disdainful expression at once excited my interest in the young girl.

“Monsieur Janin,” said Ponsard to me, in the sepulchral tone peculiar to him, “I have the honor to present to you Madame and Mademoiselle Félix. Mademoiselle, in my opinion, has considerable dramatic talent. Would you allow her to read to you a passage from my “*Socrates*?”

“Socrates” was one of Ponsard's earliest dramatic efforts. I do not believe that it ever was played on the stage. It was dull in the

extreme, and I had thrown aside, after reading one-fourth of it, the copy which the author had sent me.

“But Ponsard had more self-confidence than any dramatist I have ever met with; and so the young aspirant for histrionic honors, who was anxious for his influence, had, of course, to recite a page from one of his own plays.

“I asked my visitors to be seated, and the young girl began her declamation. At first, her voice sounded to me unnaturally harsh, and the expression of her face was almost dull. She kept her eyes half closed, and her action was any thing but lively. All at once, however—and just when the turning-point in *Socrates*'s reply to the Sophist *Menander* came—she raised her voice, her eyes flashed fire, and I, in spite of myself, listened to the sonorous but rather trashy periods almost spellbound.

“She paused, and quietly took a seat.

“Mademoiselle Félix,” I said, “have you read Racine and Corneille?”

“I know them by heart,” she replied, quietly.

“Can you recite any thing from their tragedies?”

“I can say the monologue of ‘Phèdre.’”

“I begged her to let us have it.

“What a magnificent feat it was for us! I had never heard this sublime page declaimed with more soul-stirring pathos; and, when the young declaimer paused again, I clapped my hands, and exclaimed, with genuine enthusiasm:

“Superb! superb!”

The girl blushed a little, but did not seem to care greatly for my opinion. Her mother, however, evidently did. She addressed a number of absurd remarks to me.

“Rachel,” she said, “always was stage-struck. I hope she will be able to make a living that way. We have little use for her at the house. Thus far she has been no help to me. Do you think she will make a tolerable actress?”

“I predicted that she would do better than that.

“Will you write her a letter of recommendation?” asked the loquacious mother.

“Both the daughter, who all along had kept her eyes fixed on the floor, and Ponsard, who had seemed dissatisfied since I had asked the girl to recite from Racine, interfered.

“Mamma!” exclaimed the former, indignantly.

“I will do better,” I said; “I will introduce your daughter to Frédéric Lemaître. I believe I can predict that he will be as charmed as I am by your daughter's extraordinary talent.”

“Here Ponsard interrupted me.

“Friend Janin,” he said to me, with a mysterious air, “I am writing a new play, and this young lady has consented to play my heroine. I take a great interest in her.”

“What will your new play be, and who will be its heroine?” I demanded.

““*Lucrèce*,”” he said, proudly.

“Ah!” I replied, “you are trying to resuscitate the taste for classical subjects on our stage!”

“It is time,” he remarked, gravely.

“Madame Félix then began to talk again. She invited me to her house, but she said I must not come either on Saturdays or Sundays, because then she was always with her sister. Would I come on Monday next, and take a cup of tea with her?”

“I promised, and said I would bring a friend with me. That friend was Frédéric Lemaître. The great actor took at once the liveliest interest in young Rachel Félix; and, between him and myself, we had soon spread her fame all over Paris. I did not want her to play *Lucrèce*, and Lemaître actually had

words with the importunate Ponsard about it. But the girl was obstinate.

"Monsieur Ponsard," she said, "was the first dramatist who took an interest in me, and I will play his piece."

"And so she did; and she thus made famous a man who, but for her, would probably never have risen above the level of mediocrity, and who to-day is almost forgotten."

A DEVONSHIRE RECTOR.

LET us journey farther up the Dartmoor stream which flows under the rectory garden, and visit a church and vicarage as remote from the ways of men as any in the country. Toward the end of a broad pastoral valley, and almost encircled by gray, granite-strewn tors, rises the lofty church-tower, built, according to the tradition, by a company of tinnerns, in the fifteenth century, as a thank-offering for the success of their operations in the parish. Wherever it is possible to look into the valley from the high moors about it, this tower asserts itself grandly, not only giving human interest to the solitude, but suggesting that the hamlet, nestled about it, is no creation of yesterday. The country is rough and wild, with deep "cleughs" running upward into the hills, each with its dashing streamlet, and its moss-grown bowlders, overshadowed here and there by gnarled and stunted oak-trees. And never was there a parson more completely in keeping with the district over which he presided, than the vicar of this remote parish, who, after directing its affairs for wellnigh half a century, left, when he passed away some twenty years since, no easy legacy to his successors. He seemed himself as native to the soil as a block of Dartmoor granite; and, accustomed to traverse the moors at all hours and in all seasons, he had become nearly as rough and as weather-stained:

"A savage wildness round him hung
As of a dweller out-of-doors."

No man knew Dartmoor so thoroughly. He could find his way across any moss or quaking bog in the forest, always excepting those which, in Dartmoor phrase, even a dog may not touch without falling in. His Devonshire speech was unrivaled; and with him must have passed away many an old word and old story, the value of which was all undreamed of by himself. For he was in no sense a scholar; and if he managed his parish tolerably well, and lived in harmony with its rude farmers, it was because he had made himself one of them alike in his interests and his diversions. Of the ways of the more civilized world he knew nothing; and he has been made the hero of a somewhat legendary story, which represents such a primitive parson as arriving at some great country-house, being received with afternoon tea, and then, since he concluded, not without some wonder, that the hospitalities of the day were over, taking shelter in his bed, whence he was roused by the clang of the eight-o'clock dinner-bell. But this story is as widely diffused as that of Beth Geleert, or the dog of Montargis, and wants authentication; although, if our Dartmoor friend could have been trapped into a country-house on any pretense, the character of his proceedings when there could hardly have been predicted. He was more at home in a certain long, low, oak-raftered chamber in the only hostelry in his parish; where the scanty news of the country-side might be nightly exchanged; for, although himself no other than a sober man, he had learned to be tolerant of those who were not so. The wedding of a relative was on one occasion celebrated at the vicarage. The guests were numerous. Healths were duly drunk in the flowing bowl; and at last the entire company set out to conduct

the bride and bridegroom across the moors to the nearest town, a distance of some fifteen miles. But few reached the proposed end of their journey. One after another dropped from his saddle among the rushes, or the heather by the wayside, and the long road was marked by prostrate revelers instead of mile-stones. The bride herself on this occasion was conveyed on a pillion, a traveling convenience still to be found in some old Dartmoor farm-houses. It was this same vicar who, commenting on the "Parable of the Supper," and adapting his illustrations to the experience of his hearers, remarked on the man who had married a wife, and therefore could not come: "A frivolous excuse, indeed, my friends; why, he might have brought her behind him on a pillion."

Our friend here was a skilled, practical agriculturist, and knew the merits and demerits of every plot of ground within his parish; but, notwithstanding his long out-of-door wanderings, he was but little of a sportsman. He did not even fish the "troutful streams" which ran past his very door. His type was a peculiar one, and he is not to be classed with those "sporting parsons" who formed so conspicuous a clerical cohort in what a certain school of churchmen is now accustomed to call "the wretched days of the Georges." There were, perhaps, in those wretched days, very few Devonshire parsons round about Dartmoor who did not occasionally enjoy a run with the fox-hounds; and some of them were the most skilled and accomplished sportsmen of their time. And it by no means follows that these clerical Nimrods entirely neglected their parishes, or that they were without sound influence on their people, and on the rough folk with whom they for the most part consorted. We are not insisting that a race of red-coated clerics would be a desirable addition to the modern hunting-field. But things were very different fifty or a hundred years ago; and many of those who, following ancient traditions, took an active part in the sports of their parishioners in the field or on the village-green were not, perhaps, the less qualified for imparting such instruction as their flock was able to receive. Certainly, the type to which they belonged was one which had always existed in this country, where the parish priest was often as learned in woodcraft as the forester himself, and where my lord bishop or my lord abbot loved full well to be present at the striking of a buck of season.—"*Some Old-Fashioned Parsons*," in *Fraser's Magazine*.

MR. BRIGHT'S PATHOS AND HUMOR.

THE dominant note is one of pathos. Possibly because nearly all Mr. Bright's great speeches have been made when he has been pleading the cause of the oppressed, or denouncing a threatened wrong, a tone of melancholy can be heard running through all. And, for the expression of pathos, there are inexpressibly touching tones in his voice—tones which carry right to the listener's heart the tender thoughts that come glowing from the speaker's, and are clad in simple words as they pass his tongue. Who that heard it will ever forget the solemn sentence that fell from the orator's lips nineteen years ago, when the Vienna negotiations for peace with Russia promised to interrupt the Crimean war?—"The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the very beating of his wings!" This was a bold oratorical flight to take in the House of Commons, which is, above all things, practical, and kills by good hearty laughter any approach to mere sentimentality. For a moment the success of the imagery was doubtful. The House trembled between laughter and tears. "If you had said the *flapping* of

its wings," said Mr. Cobden to Mr. Bright, as they walked home together after the speech, "we should have gone into a fit of laughter." But Mr. Bright had selected the right word, had fitted it in the right place, and the true pathos of the tones in which the sentence was slowly spoken carried it far above the level of laughter.

Mr. Bright is not only the greatest master of pathos in the House of Commons; he is also the greatest humorist. He does not lay himself out to be "funny," like Mr. Bernal Osborne, or even like Mr. Disraeli, who is nothing if not amusing. Mr. Bright's humorous sayings come spontaneously, and seem, when they are fitted into the speech he is building up, as if they had been chosen on the spot, because they were the very stones that gave to the structure and added symmetry and strength; and not—as in other hands good things often look—as if they were ornamental bricks, fashioned at home with loving care, and brought down to the House wrapped up in tissue-paper, lest they should get scratched or have their meretricious glaze dimmed. I have no doubt that Mr. Bright prepares the *bon-mots* of his great speeches as carefully as any other man. But there is this difference between him and some others—that the others are palpably relieved when they have safely delivered themselves of their treasures; whereas Mr. Bright, while he does justice by emphasis to his own points, is never himself dazzled by their brightness. When Sir William Harcourt was Mr. Vernon Harcourt, he often enlivened a debate by some really sparkling epigrams; but their force was more than half lost upon the House by the circumstance that the speaker was himself so tickled with his own fancies that he generally prefaced their expression by an audible chuckle. Mr. Bright's humor is not sardonic, like Mr. Disraeli's, but it resembles it, inasmuch as its manifestations have chiefly been in the direction of hitting off some person or party by a single phrase; in Mr. Bright's case containing a parallel or a comparison drawn from a source familiar to the least educated mind. Two, at least, of his happiest strokes of this sort have their inspiration from the Bible. Had Mr. Lowe wanted to say something damaging about Mr. Bright, he would, in all probability, have looked through his Homer or his Horace for an illustration. When Mr. Bright desired, during the debate on the Reform Bill, to cover with ridicule the clique of which Mr. Lowe was the head, he bethought him of David's escape from Achish, King of Gath, and the character of the people who subsequently foregathered with him in the Cave of Adullam, and a new name was added to the political vocabulary. When, only the other day, he had occasion to complain of the determined dissatisfaction of the Conservatives, he again turned to the classical book of the people, and on the morrow all England was laughing at the party, who, "if they had been in the wilderness, would have complained of the Ten Commandments as a harassing piece of legislation." Mr. Bright's illustrations, when drawn from other sources, are equally homely, and therefore effective. Thus, when he dubbed Mr. Disraeli "the mystery man of the ministry," and when he likened Mr. Lowe and Mr. Horsman to a Scotch terrier, "of which no one could with certainty say which was the head and which the tail," everybody could comprehend and enjoy the reference. The fearful sting contained in his casual remark about Sir Charles Adderley in a letter written two months ago—"I hope he thought he was speaking the truth, but he is rather a dull man, and is liable to make blunders"—will be best appreciated by those who know the right honorable baronet. But the volume of sarcasm hidden in the parenthetical remark about the

gentleman's ancestors who came over with the conqueror—"I never heard that they did any thing else"—is plain reading for all. So is the well-merited retort upon a noble lord, who, during a time when Mr. Bright was temporarily laid aside by illness, took the opportunity of publicly declaring that, by way of punishment for the uses he had made of his talents, Providence had inflicted upon Mr. Bright a disease of the brain. "It may be so," said Mr. Bright to the House of Commons when he came back; "but, in any case, it will be some consolation to the friends and family of the noble lord to know that the disease is one which even Providence could not inflict upon him."—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

SCRIBE AND LOUIS PHILIPPE.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

ERNEST LEGOUVÉ, the French academician, has recently given a few interesting memoirs of Scribe, in which, among other good things, he relates the following:

That Scribe was the prince of all dramatic collaborators is an undeniable fact; but it is probably less generally known that he was, on one occasion, a king's collaborator. It occurred in this wise: Toward the year 1850 Scribe had adopted an operatic libretto from Shakespeare's "Tempest." The English managers wanted to have the opera performed at the earliest possible moment, and Scribe went to London in order to superintend its *mise en scène*. The very first day after his arrival in England he went to Claremont, in order to pay a visit to Louis Philippe and his family. According to the unanimous testimony of all who knew him, Louis Philippe was one of the most charming conversationalists of his time. He turned the conversation very adroitly toward "The Tempest." Suddenly he said, in a tone half bantering and half serious:

"Are you aware, Monsieur Scribe, that I have the honor to be a brother dramatist of yours?"

"You, sire?"

"Yes, indeed. You have come to London for the sake of an operatic libretto. Well, then, I wrote one myself in my youth, and let me assure you that it was not so very bad either."

"Why not, sire? I believe all you say; you have accomplished more difficult things in your time."

"More difficult for you, perhaps, but not for me. I had selected 'The Cavaliers and Roundheads' for my subject."

"A very fine one, sire," remarked the poet of "The Huguenots."

"Well, shall I relate it to you? Accidentally the manuscript has recently fallen again into my hands. It would be very interesting for me to hear your opinion about it."

"I am at your service, sire."

And now Louis Philippe, who was a capital story-teller, began to narrate the first act to him. At first, Scribe listened to the king in reverential silence, as if it were an address from the throne; but gradually, as the piece commenced to unravel itself, the dramatist began to assert himself; he forgot altogether that he had a sovereign before him, and only thought of the plot of the opera; and once, when the plot took the wrong turn, he interrupted King Louis Philippe by exclaiming:

"Oh, that is impossible!"

"Why is it impossible?" replied the king, slightly offended.

"In the first place, because it is improbable, and next—which is much worse—because it is uninteresting."

"Uninteresting—uninteresting! My dear Monsieur Scribe, allow me to—"

But the tables were turned now; Scribe found himself in his element, and now he was the sovereign.

"Do you know, sire, what is required in your play just here? A love-scene! Politics is a very excellent thing in a cabinet council, but in an opera love is indispensable."

"Well, then, let us put love in it," replied Louis Philippe, laughing.

And now the two went to work until the hour struck when Scribe had to return to London. The king said, rather ruefully:

"Ah, you are going already? I will not allow you to depart until you have promised to come back for breakfast to-morrow. You see our opera is not yet finished. To-morrow, then."

"To-morrow, sire."

When Scribe came back next day he found, in front of the king's room, the aged queen, who was waiting for him. She shook hands with him, warmly deeply moved, and said to him, apparently:

"A thousand thanks to you, Monsieur Scribe! For the first time since he left France, the king was yesterday in good-humor again. When I entered his room this morning I found him sitting erect in his bed, and scratching his forehead, as his ancestor Henry IV. used to do when he was greatly perplexed. 'That smart fellow Scribe thinks the thing was so very easy.' And as he said this he smiled so serenely—so serenely! Pray, come back again, come back every day as long as you are in London. Will you promise me this?"

Scribe promised it, and kept his word.—*Vienna Free Press*.

ANECDOTES OF VON KAULBACH, THE PAINTER.

WILLIAM VON KAULBACH, the eminent painter, whose recent death the whole world of art mourns, was noted among those who were brought into close contact with him as a caustic wit, and a satirist of no ordinary power. Most of his private letters were models of a somewhat biting humor, and his conversation a constant scintillation of very entertaining witticisms. Empty-headed pretenders, in art and every thing else, he hated and despised; and, fortunately so situated that he could plainly speak his mind, he may claim the merit of having driven hosts of men devoid of talent, but arrogant in consequence of their influence, from the art-paths which they obstructed. A true democrat in all his opinions and proclivities, he even did not shrink from telling men of the most exalted position, who dabbled in painting and sculpture, that they had better leave that alone for which Providence had not designed them.

An amusing anecdote, showing his independence in this respect, is told about his interview with the Saxon ambassador, in Rome, many years ago. The ambassador, who had little diplomatic business to attend to, whiled away his leisure hours by painting gigantic pictures. Flatterers told him that he possessed talents that would speedily make him an eminent artist. One day he invited Kaulbach, who was then a very young man, and Peter von Cornelius, to his studio. Upon the arrival of the two great artists, the ambassador said to them that he had invited them for the especial purpose of hearing their opinion about the new painting he was at work upon. He withdrew a curtain from a vast canvas, upon which he was painting "Hagar and Ishmael." There was a bit of gray desert on it, right between the two human forms. "I have been told that all this is not bad. Now, will you give me your sincere opinion about

the value of the painting? I shall be guided by your decision." At this moment the ambassador was called out. Kaulbach looked in blank astonishment at Cornelius. "The painting is abominable," said the latter. "What is your opinion of it?" "Here it is," replied Kaulbach, and, being very agile and active, he jumped through the spot of the canvas on which the bit of desert was painted. Then the two hastily left the house. The ambassador took the hint, and never attempted to paint again.

Kaulbach's mind was intensely virile. Feminine sentimentalism was distasteful to him, both in art and poetry. So he never found much to admire in Moritz von Schwind's works. The two were good friends until, one day, Kaulbach said to Schwind: "Why do you not marry again?" The answer was an exclamation of surprise. "Why should I marry again?" "Oh," rejoined Kaulbach, dryly, "I thought your young wife might then continue the business after your death." Schwind took great offense at this cruel joke, and never spoke again to Kaulbach.

As a worker, Kaulbach's powers were simply prodigious, and, in this respect, he even surpassed Doré, with whom he was on very friendly terms. It is said that, frequently, while at convivial parties, he sketched in a few minutes all the guests at the table, in ludicrous attitudes, but extremely life-like, and in a most elegant and neat manner. One day, a guest somewhat impertinently asked him to give him the sketch. "Not this one," replied Kaulbach, coldly; "but I will draw you another immediately." In a few minutes he finished a fac-simile of the same sketch, except that the ears of the guest who had asked for it were considerably longer than in the original.

Notwithstanding this caustic trait in his character, Kaulbach was exceedingly popular among all his acquaintances. He was a capital story-teller, and, at the same time, an excellent listener. The latter quality he appreciated greatly in others. In 1867 he had an interview with Napoleon III., in Paris, during the Universal Exposition. "Is he really a great man?" asked an acquaintance of Kaulbach, after the interview. "He is a great listener," was the painter's reply.

SONG.

BY ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

Has summer come without the rose,
Or left the bird behind?
Is the blue changed above thee,
O world! or am I blind?
Will you change every flower that grows,
Or only change this spot,
Where she, who said, "I love thee,"
Now says, "I love thee not!"

The sky seemed true above thee,
The rose true on the tree:
The bird seemed true the summer through,
But all proved false to me:
World, is there one good thing in you,
Life, love, or death—or what?
Since lips that sang, "I love thee,"
Have said, "I love thee not!"

I think the sun's kiss will scarce fall
Into one flower's gold cup;
I think the bird will miss me,
And give the summer up.
Oh, sweet place! desolate in tall,
Wild grass, have you forgot
How her lips love to kiss me,
Now that they kiss me not?

Be false or fair above me,
Come back with any face,
Summer—do I care what you do?
You cannot change one place—
The grass, the leaves, the earth, the dew,
The grave I make the spot—
Here, where she used to love me,
Here, where she loves me not.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE had intended that our last article on the temperance question should close the discussion on our part, but, in giving place to the communication below, which we cannot refuse to print, either in justice to the writer or to those who hold his views, we must be permitted to tax the reader's patience with a few words in reply:

"To the Editor of *Appletons' Journal*—Sir: Your able argument, in your issue of April 18th, in favor of the temperate use of wine and beer at the table, is, I think, unfortunately for such a fine structure, grounded upon a fallacy. Will you allow me space to point it out?"

"Some time ago I read in your columns a remark to this effect, that the people have yet to learn to respect the judgment of specialists, or of experts in their several departments. This is especially what has not been done in passing judgment upon what is a proper use of stimulating drinks. How rarely is the judgment of physicians, who have made the human body, the conditions of its health, and the causes of its disease, the study of their lives; how rarely, I say, is their judgment respected by the populace in the discussion of the temperance question! Little or no attention is paid to the testimony of experts; but every one assumes, in the true democratic spirit, his entire ability to understand and settle definitely questions on which he has had no special training, even in the most elementary truths, nor any special facilities for extended observation, nor the acquisition of that caution in drawing conclusions which scientific culture especially begets. For centuries physicians have studied the effects of alcoholic drinks upon the human body, in health as well as in disease, with the greatest care; they have verified their conclusions whenever they could by experiments during life, and examinations after death; and there are few of them whose personal knowledge of the effects of spirit-drinking does not exceed those not in the craft by at least a hundred-fold. Yet, in the popular discussion of what is a proper use of ardent spirits, their judgment and conclusions are habitually ignored.

"Let us see what is the testimony of some men who are experts in their profession—not merely curers of disease, but men who have made a special study of the effects of alcoholic drinking. You are well aware what the testimony of Sir Henry Thompson is on this subject; and it may be well to recall the fact that his statement was indorsed by nearly all the leading medical men of London. Dr. Carpenter, a man of world-wide renown as a physiologist and scientist, in his standard work on 'Physiology,' says: 'Alcoholic liquors are, first, universally admitted to possess a poisonous character; second, when habitually used, they tend to produce a morbid condition of the body at large; third, the frequent occurrence of chronic diseases in those who have long used them, affords ground to believe that they act by perverting the nutrition of the body; fourth, the especial liability of the intemperate to zymotic disease' (of which cholera is one), 'shows that they tend to hinder the natural changes in the blood; fifth, extended experience has shown that they diminish, rather than increase, the capacity to endure fatigue, mental or bodily labor, and extremes of heat and cold.'* Dr. Pereira, another very emi-

nent authority, says that the 'dietetical employment of wine is either useless or pernicious.' Army medical officers, having the health of large bodies of men under their charge, are led to study the effects of spirit-drinking with peculiar care. Their testimony almost invariably agrees with that of Inspector-General Sir John Hall, who says that 'neither spirit, wine, nor malt liquor, is necessary for health.' This is also the burden of testimony in 'The Sanitary Memoirs of the Rebellion.' Remember, too, that this testimony is concerning men undergoing unusual exposure, whose duties always vibrate between extremes, and who are compelled to drink water now of one quality, and to-morrow of another.

"Nor is this all, Mr. Editor—one of the established facts about the temperate use of ardent spirits, well known to every pathologist, is, that it brings about a gradual fatty degeneration in various parts of the body—which usually leads to the destruction of life in the twinkling of an eye. And why do stimulating spirits do this? Simply because, in the words of Dr. Carpenter—words, too, which no member of the profession, who has his good name at heart, will care to dispute, that alcoholic drinks are poisonous in their character.

"Now, Mr. Editor, I ask, When is the use of a slow poison ever a beneficence? Certainly not in health. It may be, and often is in disease, to antagonize one poison by another. But the whole drift of your argument is, that the use of wine is often justifiable in health, or as a beverage. You aver that, because home pleasures and emotions are liable to abuse, is no valid argument against their exercise? Most true. But these are normal agencies, whereas—and this is the chief fallacy of your argument—wine is an abnormal or poisonous agent, its use justifiable only in abnormal states of the body. The mere fact that wine sometimes invigorates digestion, is not a valid argument for its use, except as a medicine. The opium-eater can claim for opium all you do for wine; the arsenic-eater, for arsenic; the absinthe and hashish-drinkers, for these beverages—but, surely, you would not, upon such premises, advocate their daily use at the table, nor would you charge those advocating the prohibition of their sale for such a purpose, as sumptuary fanatics.

"J. R. BLACK."

Our correspondent, in asserting that we had rejected the experience of experts in forming our opinion upon the moderate use of wine, is quite wrong. Our argument in the matter was based upon the opinions of many authoritative writers, and is supported by many of the most learned and distinguished physicians and physiologists.

For many years the medical and scientific world has been divided in its opinions upon the use and advantages of alcoholic liquors. The periodicals have teemed with papers upon the subject, and all books on physiology, foods, or chemistry, have given space to the topic. When experts disagree, other individuals have no recourse but to avail themselves of their own observation and experience in determining which side of the issue they will accept as true. The weight of authority, however, we believe to be on the side of wine-drinking in moderation; and, so far from its being true, as our correspondent asserts, that the judgment and conclu-

sions of experts are habitually ignored, these authorities are continually appealed to, except by the fanatics. During the current temperance revival, several of the New-York physicians have given their opinions, with a preponderance in favor of alcohol—in favor of the opinion, it should be understood, that alcohol under certain conditions, and always within strict limits, is not without its advantages to the human system.

We might fill this JOURNAL with citations from recognized authorities which support our position, but will not occupy the time of the reader in a matter of which he has heard perhaps too much. We will content ourselves by quoting a single passage from the great Liebig, and one from the famous Professor Johnston, assuring our readers that every position taken by us is sustained by other high authorities. Liebig declares that "as a restorative; a means of refreshment when the powers of life are exhausted; of giving animation and energy where man has to struggle with days of sorrow; as a means of correction and compensation where misproportion occurs in nutrition, wine is surpassed by no product of Nature or art." Professor Johnston, in his "Chemistry of Common Life," asserts that ardent spirits lessen the waste of the tissues, have the property of making a given weight of food go further in sustaining the strength of the body, and stimulate the digestive organs, helping them to do their work more fully and faithfully. This is all that we claimed for the moderate use of wine, and the sanction of an authority like Professor Johnston is of itself almost conclusive.

But even the statements of Dr. Carpenter, cited against us by Mr. Black, are not, when correctly given, distinctly in opposition to our views. Our correspondent quotes Dr. Carpenter as saying that, when alcoholic liquors are "habitually used, they tend to produce a morbid condition of the body;" but the language of Dr. Carpenter is, "when habitually used in excessive quantities"—quite a different proposition, and one which no one will deny. We are also informed that Dr. Carpenter pronounces alcoholic liquors "poisonous in character;" but the language of the great physiologist is, "of a poisonous character when administered in large doses," which nobody denies. Dr. Carpenter opposes the use of alcohol, excepting "where it affords aid in the introduction of aliment into the system"—but this is the function which we specially claimed for it in our argument, and which, in this country, at least, we believe to be needed, if only for the arrest of our national disease of dyspepsia. In regard to Sir Henry Thompson, quoted by Mr. Black, if our memory serves us, Sir Henry simply deplored the excessive use of liquors, especially of beer, by the English people; we never heard of the English physicians generally indorsing, or in any way acting upon Sir Henry's statements.

* "Human Physiology," p. 73.

It must be remembered that our argument is advanced in the interest of real temperance. Even if the use of alcohol is of incidental advantage, the great evil it does so much more than balances the good, that if total abstinence would remedy the ill it ought to be established. Our position is, that the moderate use of wine at table, while favorable to health, also serves to prevent drinking at saloons, and thereby to arrest excessive indulgence. If it does not accomplish this, the mere dietary benefits of wine are not sufficient to tolerate its presence in our households.

— It is very generally believed that women have intuitions which, in some things, are more trustworthy than the slow inductions of the masculine intellect. Without questioning the truth of this theory as a whole, we are inclined to inquire how far it is valid in one of the most important exigencies of woman's life?

In the selection of husbands it is obvious, we think, that women are either too anxious to escape a life of celibacy, and hence neglect to obey their intuitions, or that the gift too often altogether fails them. In the ordinary intercourse of life, women are not prone to err in their judgments of men, but in the selection of life-partners they seem to fall quite below the judgment exhibited by men in the exercise of this function. Very young men are often hopelessly fascinated by women who are entirely unfitted for the duties of matrimonial life; but men of matured age do not, as a class, lack discernment in judging of the characters of women. There are at all times of life many delusions with each sex pertaining to the other; these delusions are more abundant with both men and women under the age of twenty-five than with those above it; but, take what age we will, it is evident, we think, that women, notwithstanding their supposed superior intuitions, are more prone to mistakes and false judgments than men are.

In truth, the illusions that women rest under are sometimes very painful. The obstinate persistence with which a girl will cling to a lover whom those not blessed with intuitions, but having only reason and logic as their guides, know to be unworthy, all have seen. The mistakes that are continually made by young women, whose intuitions are altogether misleading, make up some of the most direful and wretched pages of domestic history. So far from intuition being of the least aid to women in their contact with men, it would seem very generally to play them false. Where the passion of love is concerned, intuition rarely gives them a correct perception of character. Those women who choose well, choose as men choose—by their judgment and the exercise of those just perceptions which we all bring to that which we study; but very rarely does the

badness of a man, his proclivities, his weaknesses, his hidden nature, reveal themselves to a woman more than to the other sex. Some bad men impress everybody with their evil tendency; some false men are easily read by every observant eye; but it would seem as if ordinary intuitions commonly failed a woman when called upon to act in the most important step of her life. She falls in love against reason and against all trustworthy instincts. She is forever insisting upon marrying the man she ought not to marry. She will not or cannot see that her lover is unsteady in disposition, and will be prone to be led away into dissipation; or that he is of a cold temperament, and will be sure not to reward her devotion with warm affection; or that he is a greedy money-getter who will forget his hearth-stone in his passion for gain; or that he is indolent and self-indulgent, and may even bring her to want; or that he lacks steadfastness, and may become weary of her: all or any of these phases of character others observe, or discover, but intuition, we may venture to say, never finds them out.

If all this were not true, we would not see so many unhappy marriages. Women simply do not know men before they marry them; their intuitions give them no insight whatever; and hence they hurry into relations which too often utterly wreck their happiness. Is there any remedy? Nothing can, of course, prevent unhappy marriages. Whether the free choice exercised by women here, or selection by parents, as in France—which of these methods gives the greater number of happy marriages it is not our present purpose to inquire. We have simply attempted to show that the much-talked-of and the much-trusted intuitions of women are, as a rule, worthless in the important act of selecting a husband, and this evidence may lead to the inquiry of how far they may be trusted in other things. Perhaps it may be demonstrated that reason at all times is safer than instinct.

— Many of our readers have probably never, or at least rarely, experienced the felicity of reading authors' manuscripts, and hence they do not know the enjoyment that may be specially derived from the perusal of a series of tightly-rolled foolscap sheets, upon which are inscribed the not particularly legible sentences of a contributor. The agreeable duty of mastering the contents of manuscripts of this character falls to us frequently, and that our contributors may know how we like it, and the rest of our readers get a glimpse of some of the delights that pertain to the editorial office, we venture to show how it is done. An editor might be supposed, by the uninitiated, to want the article offered for his perusal to be written legibly, and on sheets of paper that may be conveniently handled. But no such mistake is made by the majority of writers for the press. An unwieldy sheet of foolscap, they are con-

vinced, is just the thing to gratify an editor; and as to legibility of hand, editors and printers, of course, can read any thing, from ancient hieroglyphics through every variety of cramped chirography. But let us suppose the hour set apart by the office-rules for manuscript-reading to have arrived. The editor, his face suffused with pleasure, seizes upon a rolled parcel, and opens it. But instantly he discovers that it will not remain open. He then attempts to overawe the obstinacy of the pages by rolling them the reverse way; but the original folds are unyielding, and the manuscript, as soon as this process ceases, flies back to its former position. He then spreads the pages upon his desk, tries to hold them open and flat with both hands, while his eye runs over the lines. But the sheets curl up at the bottom. He shifts one hand to spread out the lower portion, but the upper instantly recovers the cylindrical form, for which it has an unconquerable proclivity. Then he hunts for a paper-weight, and places it upon the upper right-hand corner; finds a book, which he places upon the left-hand upper corner; fastens the two remaining corners with his elbows; and then essays to read. He soon reaches the bottom of the first page, which it is now necessary to remove. But the moment his elbows are shifted the recalcitrant pages rebound to their favorite form. Whereupon the manuscript is violently seized and energetically forced open, and a vigorous attempt made to eject the perused sheet from the pile. It is successful. Only it is not one sheet but half a dozen that are jerked out upon the floor. The editor seizes these fugitives, and endeavors to replace them, but in doing so more of the pages slip from their place, and presently the floor of the sanctum is covered with many separate rolls. He gathers an armful, throws them on the desk, and orders in his small boy to replace them in proper order. The small boy, charmed with this duty, thinks he will try; he struggles with the eel-like cylinders; the editor comes to his aid, uttering blessings on the writer; and presently, with much effort, the sheets are gathered into one compact and defiant roll. The editor now makes one more effort to master the contents, when he discovers that the opening sheet is page nine, upside down, and the next one page thirty, also upside down; he endeavors, for a moment, to resist the disposition of the pages to fly out again in wild disorder, but two or three, despite his efforts, manage to escape him. Then a sudden illumination bursts upon the editor's mind. He remembers that his supply of manuscripts is very large, and that it is really incumbent upon him to "return the valuable production with thanks." The small boy, with many regrets, is ordered to post it back to the writer forthwith. Contributors who are fond of having their articles rejected are advised to try the plan of writing on foolscap pages and tightly rolling them. Their purpose will be sure to be accomplished so far as this JOURNAL is concerned; for, delightful as experiences are of the character just described, the editor is compelled to deny himself the pleasure of too frequently repeating them.

Bacon says that "travel tires a man;" and the Russian czar is one of the most indefatigable travelers of our time. He is about to visit England, and observe for himself the new domestic surroundings of the sole daughter of his house. By so doing, Alexander II. follows what is almost a family tradition with Muscovite despots. It is nearly two centuries since bluff Peter the Great—in days when traveling was a real "trial," when monarchs seldom visited beyond the confines of their next neighbors, and when a journey from St. Petersburg to London took a longer time than Jules Verne would have us believe it now takes to make "the tour of the world"—paid a memorable and characteristic visit to the English. Peter's nature was inquisitive and practical, and when he got to London he employed himself in examining shipping, dock-yards, and workshops, warlike appliances, and methods of building. He wasted but little time in vain ceremonies and sumptuous banquets. Peter made a sensation as much by his hardy eccentricities as by his imperial greatness and his martial renown, and the Londoners liked him for his burly simplicity and rather uncouth habits. The far more courtly Alexander I. visited London, and was somewhat puzzled at the familiarity with which the English lower classes greeted and treated him. Then the sombre and state-ly Nicholas, already brooding over his project to control the Black Sea and take Constantinople, went to London to visit Victoria, and moved like an imperial phantom among the gay scenes got up in his honor. No crowd ventured to hustle and scream at him; there was something "grand, gloomy, and peculiar" in his proud face and mien which well typified the unbending tyrant of the frozen North, and subdued all to awe-stricken silence. His gloom of countenance seemed to express a foresight of the bitter conflict which was soon to ensue between himself and the nation whose hospitalities he was receiving. His more gentle and amiable son will be received with the same enthusiastic magnificence which greeted the shah last year; and this for a political as for a social reason, for Britain is as anxious to avoid a quarrel with Russia now as she was to cross swords with her when Nicholas paid his visit, more than twenty years ago. Alexander will have "a good time," and will probably bear away from England pleasant impressions of the hospitality of her royal house and her people. But is it likely that he will abandon the task enjoined by Peter the Great, in consequence?

A correspondent at Pittsburg writes to us, in regard to cremation, that, "while it seems to have been discussed hitherto from a sanitary or sentimental point of view, there is another view of the subject which seems to have escaped attention. This is, that the process debars any examination into the cause of the death of the person whose body is subjected to it, in case he may die under suspicious circumstances, or far from his home and friends, and that the crime of murder, especially by poison, would be certain to be increased to a very large extent." Our correspondent is in error in say-

ing that this objection to cremation has escaped attention. It has been pointed out by several writers, but it is quite possible that sufficient heed has not been given to the argument.

Literary.

THE future historian of our civil war will find in the "Narrative of Military Operations, directed, during the Late War between the States, by Joseph E. Johnston" (New York: D. Appleton & Co.), a vast mass of material of a kind which historians are seldom fortunate enough to obtain. It is a report, in detail, of all the campaigns in which General Johnston participated; and the dignity, fairness, accuracy, and evident scrupulousness of statement, with which it is written, command one's respect at once for the book itself and for its author. The object of General Johnston in writing the "Narrative," however, was less to furnish materials for the future historian than to defend his own course; and the entire work is, in substance, a reply to the various criticisms that have been made upon him by scores of detractors, from President Davis down to the editors of petty partisan newspapers, North and South. Of all the able generals who commanded on either side during the war, General Johnston was the most invariably unfortunate. It was his fate to be called upon repeatedly to repair the mistakes of others, when, by these mistakes, the situation had become well-nigh hopeless; and, from the time when a desperate wound at Seven Pines snatched from his grasp a victory similar to that which General Lee won, a month later, in the "seven days' battle," to his removal, at Atlanta, from the command of an army whose retreat he had conducted with consummate skill, and just when the chances of the campaign were beginning to turn in his favor, the same ill-luck persistently followed him. Of course, this alone was sufficient to create hostile critics; for there is one thing only which, in the long-run, the public accepts, and that is success. But the present "Narrative," based throughout on official documents and authentic information, proves conclusively, what competent judges on both sides have acknowledged all along, that General Johnston, in each of his campaigns, accomplished all that military skill and personal courage could accomplish with utterly inadequate means. There never was a doubt as to the final result of the struggle from the moment when popular enthusiasm at the North fused rival political partisans into a common "war-party;" but the removal of Johnston at Atlanta, and the confronting of Sherman by an incompetent lieutenant like Hood, pledged by his very appointment to a "régime of fighting," was the beginning of a very swift-following end. That removal decided the most critical campaign in which the Confederacy had yet been engaged; and it emphasizes a point which comes out incidentally more than once in the narrative, and which is becoming more clear with every new publication revealing the interior history of the war—that Jefferson Davis was the evil genius of the "lost cause." Not satisfied with making nearly every mistake possible to the civil magistrate of a people engaged in such a desperate experiment; not content with alienating all his associates who might have rivaled him in popular confidence, and surrounding himself with ignorant and corrupt personal favorites; he seems to have been impressed with the idea that he was a great military genius, and could

never keep his hands, for a week together, out of affairs which the commander of an army can alone conduct. Executive interference was unfortunate enough in its results on both sides; but President Lincoln soon recognized the limit beyond which such interference could not safely be carried, while from first to last Mr. Davis was among the worst enemies with whom the Confederate generals had to contend. The "Narrative" is written in clear, straightforward, and soldierly style, with few literary graces, and no attempt at the fine writing which descriptions of battles are so apt to elicit. It is illustrated with numerous portraits on steel of the leading officers on either side, and six topographical maps assist the reader in understanding the more important military movements.

Frenchmen are at last beginning to study the character and institutions of other nations, and this is a hopeful sign; but the spirit in which they do it is rather that of condescending curiosity than of an intelligent desire to recognize and profit by experience gained under conditions other than their own. It must have struck readers that, notwithstanding Taine's hearty appreciation of all that is best in English literature and social life, and his genuine admiration of the sterling and manly qualities of Englishmen themselves, the suspicion never enters his mind that the lessons to be learned there can be of any practical value to his own nation, or should in any way modify its character. The tone, throughout both his "English Literature" and the "Notes on England," is as if he had said: "These English are not as we Frenchmen are, and are therefore to that extent deficient; yet I think I can convince you that in spite of their barbarian coarseness and brutality they are possessed of some qualities and characteristics which in their way are really worthy of recognition." This is also the precise mental attitude of M. Auguste de Laugel, in his "England, Political and Social" (New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons), one of the most profound, philosophical, and acute studies of English politics and society that has yet been written. We know of no single work from which the reader can obtain so clear and striking a view of English institutions and character, and of the contrasts of English social life, so aptly illustrated, and written in such fearless and forcible style. As with Taine, however, there is the same tedious cant about "barbarians," "the persistence of the barbarian type," "atavism," etc. If by this quasi-philosophical phrasing is meant that the Englishman of to-day is the normal outgrowth of his barbarian ancestors, we are simply hearing over again what every school-boy is taught and ought to know; and if it means, as it probably does, that the "Teutonic nations" are still barbarians, with here and there a coating of civilization, we say it is neither new nor true—no truer at least than, and not nearly so plausible as, Bismarck's bitter sneer that "even Parisians are barbarians, but thinly disguised by their cooks, milliners, and *perruquiers*." M. Laugel's book is one which, but for the stand-point from which it is written, must have been of very great value for his countrymen at this critical period of their history. As it is, however, it is full of instruction for English and Americans: for it is a good thing for nations, as for individuals, "to see ourselves as others see us," and when that other has labored really to understand and appreciate us, and with something like success, the conclusions which he has reached are worthy of the most attentive study. The translation by Professor J. M. Hart is exceptionally

careful and accurate, and the explanatory notes which he has scattered through the volume are a material assistance to the reader.

Two books on art, occupying an intermediate place between a formal treatise, or æsthetic essay, and a technical text-book, have just been published by Messrs. Roberts Brothers (Boston). Their author is Sarah Tytler, and she describes them on the title-pages as being designed "for the use of schools, and learners in art." Miss Tytler has not been known hitherto in this department of literature, and her acquirements do not impress us as being very profound; but she has hit upon a plan here which, in spite of grave defects in its execution, is really adapted to render the study of art pleasing and profitable to beginners and outsiders, and to put the mere reader in the way of attaining wider knowledge. The titles of the two volumes are, "The Old Masters and their Pictures," and "Modern Painters and their Paintings;" and, taken together, they give a fairly complete outline of the history and characteristics of art, from the early Italian school of Giotto to the artists who have won fame in our own day—grouping them according to the primitive arrangements of time, country, and rank in art. In detail, the author's plan includes a biographical sketch of each artist—brief, but sufficing to give his personality and the main incidents of his career—accompanied by descriptions of his most famous works; the criticisms passed, and the opinions expressed, are usually in the form of quotations from the works of writers who are regarded as authorities on the subject. The deficiencies of the books (aside from their literary execution) arise from the constant necessity for being brief, and also from the author's partiality for certain periods and schools and artists. Certain of these periods and painters are treated with satisfactory fullness and completeness; while others, of scarcely inferior rank, receive only the barest recognition. The chapter on American art, for instance, is absurdly meagre. Allston, and Church, and Bierstadt, are the only names honored with extended notice; and no mention at all is made of Thomas Cole, James Hart, William Hart, Kensett, Richards, De Haas, and others equally well known. Such defects, however, are inseparable from the plan of the work, and of any work attempting to treat so vast a subject in brief space and a popular way; and we can say of Miss Tytler's books that they really succeed in giving to students and learners a tolerably complete idea of what art has done in the past, of the artists who have done it, and of the kind of merit which is most worthy of emulation.

"To the Lover-Husband of Eighty-five," is the pleasing dedication with which Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke inscribes "The Trust, and The Remittance," two love-stories in verse, to her husband. It is to be hoped that Mr. Clarke drank in the full sweetness of this dedication, for it would be folly to hope that he could derive either pleasure or satisfaction from the stories themselves. They are tedious and commonplace to a degree which is not mitigated even by their brevity; and, as to the verse in which they are written, we do not remember, in a somewhat extended experience, to have met with anything more exactly fitted by Douglas Jerrold's brief criticism on a much better book, "prose, and worse." From the beginning of them to the end there is not a vestige even of a poetic idea or expression; and, of the technical skill displayed, the following lines are not an unfair example:

"While Richard Middleton was staying there
He entered headlong into the grand scheme
That he had mentioned in his letter to
His friend; though Bernard Thorpe did all he
could

To try dissuade the eager Richard from
A too rash entrance into this vast field
Of speculation, that presented such
Alluring prospect and large promise of
Returns." . . .

This is not even the "metred prose" spoken of in the title-page; and the whole performance is surely surprising in one who has "drunk long and deep" at the Shakespearean fount. (Boston, Roberts Brothers.)

"Half-Hour Recreations in Natural History" (Boston, Estes & Lauriat) is one of those serial or "part" publications, now so popular in this country and in England, which illustrate the growing popular interest in science and scientific matters. The plan of this particular series is excellent—embracing concise, untechnical, yet scientifically accurate descriptive accounts of birds, domestic and wild animals, fishes, reptiles, plants, and other important branches of natural history; and, as each subject is to be treated by a specialist, the successive volumes ought to have an exceptional value for that large class whose knowledge of science must be acquired chiefly by reading. "Half-Hours with Insects," by A. S. Packard, Jr., is now appearing in monthly parts of thirty-two pages each, and twelve parts will complete the work. It is admirably adapted to awaken popular interest in entomology, and to put students of it on the right track; and the publishers on their part are printing the book well and giving it numerous illustrations—a good many of which, by-the-way, are borrowed from Figuiet's well-known work on the same subject.

A correspondent of the *Athenæum*, speaking of Senator Sumner, says: "His style of writing was noted for its dignity and terseness, as well as for what has been termed a gigantic morality, and his ability in illustrating his thoughts by reference to the treasures of ancient learning was something rare. The range of subjects upon which his mind feasted was wellnigh without bounds; history and poetry, philosophy and the sciences, all contributed to his enjoyment; and there was an earnestness and lofty integrity in all that he did, with his pen and as an orator, which commanded the respect of even his political opponents, and was a cause of admiration on the part of his friends."

"Victor Hugo," says a writer in the *Fortnightly Review*, "is master of terrible imagery, profound emotion, audacious fancy; but, then, these are as real as emotional, as true to fact as the fairest reproduction of the moral poverty and meannesses of the world, and let it be added that, while he is without a rival in the sombre mysterious heights of imaginative effect, he is equally a master in strokes of tenderness and the most delicate human sympathy."

A correspondent corrects our assertion that the novel of "Ready-Money Montiboy" appeared in *Once a Week*, by informing us that it is published in "Osgood's Library of Novels." Our correspondent is right in his assertion, and so were we in ours. The novel originally appeared in *Once a Week*, or in one of the English periodicals, and was reproduced in the "Osgood Library."

Professor Stanley Jevons, in a recent work on the scientific method, says: "I question whether any scientific works which have appeared since the 'Principia' of Newton are comparable in importance with those of Darwin and Herbert Spencer, revolutionizing as they do all our views of bodily, mental, moral, and social phenomena."

Signor Eugenio Morpurgo has lately published at Venice a short monograph upon paper-making, in which he furnishes some curious statistics rela-

tive to this important industry. It appears that the United States, with her enormous amount of periodical and other literary productions, consumes more paper than England and France together.

English literary men cannot be so badly off as Joaquin Miller would have us believe, when Tom Taylor gets six thousand dollars a year (gold) as editor of *Punch*.

Art.

Some Landscapes at the Academy.

THE landscapes which, in American exhibitions, are usually much more numerous than pictures of any other class, form the greater proportion of the works in the present exhibition at the Academy, notwithstanding that the number of pictures of other subjects is very important. While the good portraits could almost be counted on the fingers of one hand, there are a great many fine landscapes, and nearly every name of the prominent landscape-painters is represented.

Starting with the name of a venerable president of the Academy, Mr. A. B. Durand, we find one of the chief places of honor occupied by his large and attractive painting, "The Franconia Notch." It is curious to watch the influence of different ideas and times on the artists, and to compare the style of Durand at one end of the scale, and Miller and Whistler at the other. It seems to us that there is no greater distinction between the realistic and the sentimental schools, than the importance which the realistic attaches to depicting textures and impressions. Mr. Durand's painting is a very charming scene of a soft, blue valley bounded by mountains, with the cleft between them of the Franconia Notch; and there are fine trees touched in boldly and with feeling. Every detail has been studied with as much care as the most laborious thought could accomplish, and the result is as good as in any picture of its school we can remember; and still the picture is conventional—for, the touch which should differ between the floating branches of the birch-trees and the solid sides of the hills and the sweeping lights and shades over the valleys, is not unlike; and, from this technical neglect, each object lacks its own peculiar texture and character. The picture is beautiful and poetical, but it lacks the intense realism of Diaz, or of Charles Miller, or George Inness; and, while these latter artists affect the mind through every sense, so that we seem to *smell* the woods, *touch* the soft mould, and be warmed or chilled by their sunshine and shadow, it is only as a picture in the eyes and imagination that we recognize Durand's otherwise delightful representation of Nature.

Another very charming painting in the same room with Mr. Durand's "Franconia Notch," and more intense in its mood than his, hangs Mr. Whittredge's "Home by the Sea." Mr. Whittredge, in taste, seems to stand half-way between the somewhat classical landscape of Durand and Church and the young school which has Miller for its latest exponent. Looking out over one of those desolate moors which form the boundary to the rocks and the sea along so many parts of the New-England coast, on the declivity of a granite hill stands a weather-beaten farm-house, whose age and exposure to the storms are indicated by the stained colors of its walls and gambrel-roof. Like so many of these houses, it is surrounded by an orchard of apple-trees, that make it more completely an oasis of domestic comfort in the midst of gnarled cedars, dreary marshes, and rocky headlands.

It is a most definite and poetical picture of this phase of life, and Mr. Whittredge has sufficient realism in his work to express, with a good deal of power, the waste of sea-meadows, the dreariness of the sea-winds, and the desolate wastes of ocean: these characteristics being developed by the contrast of his snug farmhouse and its peaceful surroundings.

Another painting, of a third class of treatment, is Mr. Whistler's "Scene on the Coast of Brittany." Unfortunately, this picture, like several other representative works, has been hung on the highest picture-line in the room, but still it is in a position where it can be distinctly examined, though from a distance too great to see it in detail. Mr. Whistler, as our readers know, is an American artist, than whom, perhaps, there is no one more prized in England and France; and his pictures, which occupy the best positions in the exhibitions in those countries, seldom find their way back to his native land. This painting of rocks and sand on the shore of the sea, is the property of a Baltimore gentleman, and is brimful of meaning and expression, though it is very simple in treatment, and devoid of details; but, as a mere palette of color, it is full of harmonies and richness of hues. It has wonderful space in earth and sky as its leading character; although the canvas is a small one, into every inch of it miles and indefiniteness of space seem crowded. The firmness of the rocks bedded in loose sand and the weight and power of the sea are well expressed. It is a rule that every irrelevant word in poetry is a fault; so, in art, every irrelevant detail and stroke from the severe standard of criticism may be deemed superfluous; and, in this picture, all absence of what is unnecessary to express fully the meaning, is very conspicuous to a person who carefully studies its details. The intention, or want of intention, in pictures, is often, in fact, generally obscured by pedantic superfluity of details; and this makes the terse delineation of Mr. Whistler's subject the more interesting and satisfactory.

Another landscape of great merit is one of the two paintings which George Inness exhibits this year—"A Scene near Perugia, Italy." The background of the large canvas is occupied by blue hills, than which we remember few having at once so much breadth of general treatment, so much feeling of size, and, combined with these qualities, so many detailed lines, slopes, gorges, and upland plains. Nature we always find full of delicate particulars, but, unfortunately for art, painters usually represent her either in blank generalities, or with a clumsy attempt at photographic minuteness. Inness himself hitherto has usually rather expressed the broad effects of light and color than any peculiar feeling of form; and, in this respect, we consider the Perugia quite an advance over his former works. His color, too, seems to have changed, and the brown undertone of nearly all his other pictures has given place here to a range of tints that are keyed on gray. There has long been quite a strong difference of opinion among the artists as to which of these two general hues should prevail. Inness, Louis Tiffany, Sanford, Gifford, and many of the best of our colorists, favoring the brown undertone, while Page and his followers base their works on a neutral hue. Inness the past few years has been tending toward this gray key of color, and this picture is the most positive example of it.

Charles H. Miller, whose pictures we never see without strong interest, this season exhibits two paintings at the Academy. The most interesting of them to persons familiar with

the elder Calame, J. D. Harding, Corot, and Diaz, is that of some old oaks at Creedmoor, Long Island. We have often dwelt upon the fact that artists, like authors, generally have their one strong point, to which every thing else is subordinate. This, of course, is right in a general way; but, while one desires the inferior parts in a play to be kept in their proper relation to the prominent ones, everybody is conscious of the immense advantage of these parts being perfectly acted so far as their capacity will allow. It is from this stand-point that we especially enjoy Charles Miller's works. The oaks in the picture to which we have referred are singularly strong in drawing and full of the expression of oakiness—a clump of trees better than Harding could have made, and less conventional than his ever are. Under these trees in easy groups a herd of cattle are standing in the shade and sunning themselves in the light, as quiet and tranquil and well composed as any animals in a Dutch picture. There is more soft poetry in the distance, "whose margin fades forever as we move," than in almost any landscapes we know of; and, pervading and uniting every object into an artistic whole—a *chiaro-oscuro* worthy of Diaz or of Corot—gives a great impression of style and brilliancy. Here and there are weak points, but they are absolutely unimportant in our estimation, and, with the life, the varied thought, and the advantage of artistic association of ideas, which Mr. Miller's works disclose, we see no reason why he may not take a foremost place among the landscape-painters of the world.

Among the most refined of the most charming works of the exhibition, as usual, are the pictures by Mr. Sanford N. Gifford. Lovely poems in feeling and color, they come, year after year, from a brush guided by exquisite taste. Summer seas under summer skies, lazy sails swinging in the tranquil haze, and not a hue or a point anywhere that is not in perfect keeping with the spirit of the scene, make one realize most fully the immense advantage of a culture like his, which is perfectly adequate to express the ideas and feeling beneath it. We have often thought with envy of the good times Walter Scott and Dickens must have had, crooning over and adding touch after touch to the characters in their novels; and, in the same way in which we have coveted the happiness of these men, we look upon the poetical imagination of Mr. Gifford, with its remarkable power of purity of expression, as one of the greatest gifts for himself and comforts to the world—

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

A little landscape, by Homer Martin, cannot be passed without notice, from its fresh out-of-door sentiment. It represents dark pine-trees, between whose trunks red sunshine glances in long lines upon the ground, strewn with the pine-droppings; and the light here and there catches against the tree-trunks themselves. It is a very simple picture, but it is full of masculine strength and robustness. Mr. Martin's pictures hitherto have often seemed to us harsh and disagreeable in color, but this painting, while it has not the charm of a lovely palette of hues, in its ruggedness of tint seems the better to express the perception the artist has of the *silex silvaggia*, a bit of which he has so well portrayed.

R. Swain Gifford has some very fine, spirited paintings, too, of sea and rocks. McEntee has an admirable sea-piece; and, while great numbers of other landscapes are very excellent, amid the various classes of pictures we feel we ought to touch upon, our space is not sufficient to dwell upon them all.

Of a new Meissonnier, at the French Gallery, London, called "The Sign-Painter," the *Academy* gives the following account: "The sign is Bacchus astride of his vat; the painter working at it in the inn-yard is a jovial itinerant, wearing the breeches, gaiters, and three-cornered hat of the last century, and, for the rest, stripped to his shirt-sleeves; he turns to laugh over his own workmanship with a guest of the house, who swaggers and plays the critic with a half-drunk, supercilious gravity. The piece is somewhat above the usual dimensions of a Meissonnier; but into the most sparkling of his miniature works he never put more minute expressiveness of design and humorous gesture. The weakened eyes and flushed faces of the dissipated pair are carried as far as realism can carry them; but every thing else is carried so far too, and there is so much character in the attitudes and in every crease of the clothes, and so pleasant a harmony in the coloring, that nothing obtrudes itself or displeases."

Gérôme is represented, in the new exhibition of French pictures in London, by a small picture of Bozzaris. "In spite," says the *Athenæum*, "of all its intensity of expression, its solidity, so characteristic of the painter, and its minute rendering and multifarious details—in this respect being comparable with what Mr. Lewis so often produces—the picture will not, we think, greatly enhance the reputation of a highly-distinguished artist. The chief, clad in red velvet which is too new for artistic purposes, and abundantly hung about with weapons, embroidered to the eyes withal, sits, deeply meditating, with his hand to his face, and in a chair which is within an alcove lined with tiles of beautiful color."

Music and the Drama.

THE grand triennial festival, in the expectation of which musical Boston is all astrid at the present time, suggests some thoughts relating to vital defects in the cultivation of the divine art in New York. One of the most venerable institutions of Boston, exacting from the true son of the American Athens as much respect and reverence as he feels for Faneuil Hall or the Common, is the Handel and Haydn Society. Organized, we believe, more than fifty years since, it has grown and flourished with unimpaired vitality and strength, gathering fresh energy every year. Whether owing to the skillful management of its directors through a long term of years, or to the enthusiasm of the Bostonians for music, it presents the only example in this country of a great choral society which, having the moss of years on it, yet keeps itself in the van of the best art-progress of the age. The lamented Parepa-Rosa declared that she delighted to sing with this society better than with any chorus in the world. Why Boston should have the monopoly of such a society it is not easy to analyze. Giving our sister city every possible credit for a cultivated love for music, for fine critical and æsthetic insight, it is but just to claim for New York an equal amount of taste. This city has been, and always will be, the great metropolis in art-matters, as well as in commerce and the more material things of this life. It is on New York that the musical *impresario* mostly depends for the success of his season. Here all the great artists come to make their *débuts*. Here is a larger concentration of musical amateurs than in any other city in America. The church-choirs are superior to those of sister cities. All the conditions exist for a consistent and general preëminence in the musical art and its manifestations. Yet the stubborn fact stares us in the face that not only is New York inferior to Boston in its choral organizations, but is absolutely below mediocrity in this respect,

Chicago and Cincinnati presenting a more favorable showing.

Were Theodore Thomas to give the Ninth Symphony, he would feel obliged to borrow from Boston its choral effects, even as he did two years ago.

This unfortunate fact must refer itself to some adequate cause or causes. Where are they to be found? After carefully surveying the whole field, we can only ascribe this unfortunate state of affairs to the spirit of envy, rivalry, and cliquism, which splits up and fritters away the real productive energy of the city. Those who are familiar with music and musicians in New York have had frequent occasion to deplore the petty backbiting, the jealousies, the unreasoning hostility, which curse and corrupt the efforts of those professing to devote themselves to the most noble and unselfish of all the arts. There are many honorable exceptions to this rule, but its general prevalence can hardly be disputed by those who are candid and intelligent on this topic. The disease of individuals has extended its taint to organizations, and, as a consequence, we have a total lack of unity in musical purpose. An unselfish harmony and generous devotion to art in Boston have resulted in one of the noblest choral organizations in the world. New York, with thrice the material and facility for attaining such a result, is disgraced by an utter inferiority.

It would be by no means a difficult thing to remedy this defect, and place New-York music on a standing of true dignity and excellence. The several choral organizations in our city, if brought together on some plan of mutual compromise and united, would constitute a magnificent beginning. The promise held out by such an auspicious omen would freshen the enthusiasm of the public and musicians alike. We should enter on a new era of musical growth. The cultivation of choral music has a powerful bearing on the organic progress of art-taste, and is perhaps more essential to it than any other one element. Why will not our oratorio and other choral societies agitate this reform, and free themselves from the slough of despond and stagnation in which they have been so long engulfed?

The closing concert of the Philharmonic season in this city occurred on Saturday evening, the 18th ultimo, and was characterized by the same classical strictness in its selections, which Mr. Bergmann's rigid and cultivated taste has been famous for since his assumption of the conductorship. The opening instrumental number, "Grimm's Suite," No. 2, can never be a popular work on account of its antique severity of form, but Mr. Bergmann's interpretation discovered so many beauties in its quaint and conservative measures as to give a vast deal of genuine pleasure to his audience. The most interesting feature of the performance was the Egmont music, set by Beethoven to Goethe's noble poem, consisting of the overture, march, six incidental pieces, and two soprano solos. The orchestral part of the work was given with much delicacy and beauty, but Mme. Ilma de Murska, to whom was assigned the vocal duty, neither did herself nor the music full justice. The Philharmonic season, as a whole, has not been successful in a pecuniary sense, but has shown a most creditable degree of honest, genuine, and artistic work on the part of both the conductor and the orchestra. Whatever other faults may be ascribed to Mr. Carl Bergmann, no one familiar with New York for the last twenty years can question his sincere and lofty devotion to the highest interests of his art. There is no

name entitled to a more honorable mention in this respect. The comparative failure of the concerts must be accounted for on some other ground than any involving lack of effort, intelligence, and scholarly skill on the part of this gentleman. The fact cannot be denied that the Philharmonic Society has lost somewhat of its ancient prestige. To unravel the causes would involve a more elaborate discussion than present space permits. Pending such an investigation, perhaps we should not go far amiss in ascribing this condition of things to bad official management. On some future occasion, perhaps we shall examine the subject more at length.

The art-work of the society has been animated by a noble ambition, and the instrumental execution has evidenced uniformly a high degree of excellence. The good taste of the musical directors in confining themselves so much to the grand old musical standards is a matter of praise, and we trust that, whatever other reforms may be regarded as necessary, there may be no change in this respect in the future enterprise of the society.

A private letter, published in an English journal, gives us an interesting résumé of Le Cocq's new opera, "Giroflé-Girofla." M. Le Cocq has earned the thanks of the musical world by elevating the character of *opéra-bouffe* into something like comic opera, and relieving it from the grossness which had characterized many of the compositions of Offenbach and Hervé. His "Les Cent Vierges" and "La Fille de Madame Angot" marked a different epoch in this style of operatic music, and his latest work follows in the footsteps of its predecessors. Its story is something as follows: *Giroflé-Girofla* represents the part of twin-sisters, daughters of *Don Bolero d'Alcarazas*, governor of a Spanish province during the time of Moorish domination. *Giroflé* becomes the wife of *Marasquin*, a young banker, while *Girofla* is to be wedded to a ferocious Moor, *Moorsouk*. *Girofla* is abducted by a band of pirates, and the distracted parent is puzzled to know how he shall acquit the Moorish bridegroom, as the latter's fierce temper is matched by unbounded power, and, in his ungovernable rage, all will probably be sacrificed to his ire. A stratagem of *Don Bolero's* wife saves the situation, and gives the opera its characteristic dramatic effect. The sisters being exactly alike, *Giroflé*, though the wife of another, is persuaded to personate the bride. So the Moor leads his supposed lady-love to the altar amid the cheers of singing and dancing Spaniards. After the abduction of *Girofla*, *Don Bolero* had employed the chief admiral, *Don Metamoras*, to go in pursuit, by the payment of sixty thousand piasters. The booming of cannon was to announce his success as he came into port. But the result is adverse, and a messenger arrives to announce defeat instead of victory. *Don Bolero* and his wife are in an agony of distress to know how to prevent *Moorsouk* from claiming his marital rights, but finally manage to look him up in a tower. The imbroglia hurries on, accompanied by a most pleasing variety of costumes and music. The authors of the *libretto* next change the scene to the bedroom of *Giroflé* and *Marasquin*, into which bursts his way the enraged Moor, who had escaped from the tower. After some resistance, father, mother, and husband, are obliged to yield, and *Giroflé*, to save the family, consents to become *Lady Moorsouk*. The comedy seems about to become tragedy, when a flourish of trumpets is heard, proclaiming that *Metamoras* has finally been victorious, and *Girofla* saved.

The music is said to be very lively and beautiful, partaking strongly of the spirit of Auber and Adam, and the drama full of striking and amusing situations. The opera has been produced in Paris and Brussels with immense success.

The last year, in England, seems to have been full of promise in the field of original musical composition, amounting, as the English writers claim, to an absolute revival of creative genius. Four quite remarkable oratorios—Sir Gore Ouseley's "Hagar," Mr. Sullivan's "Light of the World," Mr. McFarren's "St. John the Baptist," and Mr. Smart's "Jacob"—have been produced, with a brilliant, artistic success. The following may be regarded as a sample of the generally hopeful and enthusiastic spirit of the English press: "These works may differ in value, but we make bold to say that not one of them falls below a distinguished rank among modern things of their kind. But there is other evidence of reviving musical life. Young composers like Mr. Gadeby, Mr. Prout, Mr. Alfred Holmes, and Mr. J. F. Barnett, are coming forward, from time to time, with compositions in the highest school of art, and are showing themselves possessed, in various degrees, of the right to graduate with honors. These, and such as these, are important manifestations, but they must not be looked at by themselves. In connection with them we should note an extraordinary state of musical activity all over the land. Bristol and Glasgow established triennial festivals last year; Leeds has just resolved upon the same course; and Liverpool is fast making up its mind to follow suit; while, in scores of smaller places, musical societies are doing hearty and extended work for our art."

A recent number of the *Kölnische Musikzeitung* reports a highly-interesting lecture by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, the celebrated pianist, on Cherubini, the composer. Dr. Hiller claims that Cherubini so vastly enlarged the resources of the orchestra as to clear the way for the German composers; while the bloom of melody and feeling in his compositions were less evident, that his sacred works, the "Requiem" especially, towered high above every thing else written in the same century for the musical service of the Church, while his purely instrumental works captivate the musician by the grandeur of their design, and the novelty of the fancy which characterizes them, proving themselves, in many respects, the forerunners of what was subsequently effected by Beethoven and Weber, by Schumann and Wagner, for which very reasons they have not taken with the mass of the public.

Beethoven's noble opera of "Fidelio" was recently produced at Drury Lane, London, with such a magnificent success that London papers are anxiously inquiring why it is not oftener selected. Mme. Tietjens was the *Fidelio*, and produced an almost unparalleled effect in the part. Two of the four overtures composed for this unique opera were played, and perhaps the immense success of the opera owed not its least measure to the finest operatic orchestra in the world under the *baton* of Sir Michael Costa.

Miss Rose Hersee is spoken of by the English journals as being the successor of Mme. Rosa in English opera. With all due concession to a very charming and conscientious little prima-donna, it is almost sacrilege to associate the two names in this way. Miss Hersee is a clever and effective singer, but of such inferior calibre to the grand artist who recently died that the question of "succession" can only relate to time, not to merit or giftedness.

The new opera, "Salvator Rosa," by Signor Gomez, has been produced with decided success at Genoa. The composer was called on thirty-six times—thirty-one during the performance, and five at its conclusion—with Signor Ghislanzoni, the author of the *libretto*.

Wagner has issued invitations to the distinguished artists who are to take part in the grand performances at Bayreuth next year, to meet in that town during the summer in order to study their parts in the "Nibelungen-Triology."

National and Statistical.

Libraries.

THE number of libraries in this nation is greatly to its credit. We are a young people, not having reached our first centennial. We do not, therefore, possess the large collection of books that may be found in the British Museum, the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, with its million and a half of books, or the Königliche Bibliothek of Munich, for these are the central collections of the several nations, made at great cost, and reaching back to other centuries. But no other nation in the world has so many public libraries compared with the number of people, or belonging to so many different localities. Thus far, the growth of libraries has exceeded that of population, as may be seen by the following table:

Years.	Population.	Libraries.	Volumes.
1880	23,191,876	15,615	4,636,411
1890	31,443,321	27,730	13,316,379
1870	38,538,371	56,015	19,456,518

So that, while the population of the United States has increased 67 per cent. in the last twenty years, the number of libraries has grown 267 per cent., and the volumes in them over 300 per cent. But private libraries have increased much faster than the public. By the imperfect census of 1860, private libraries were returned as 8,149 in number, containing in the aggregate 4,766,285 volumes—not quite six hundred books per library. By the census of 1870, more perfect indeed, but not wholly reliable, it appears that the country contained 108,900 private libraries, with 26,072,420 books in them—about two hundred and fifty volumes to the library. The report of the Bureau of Education contains more specific and valuable information concerning the foundation, funds, and books of the larger libraries than the census. But both census and Bureau of Education labor under this practical difficulty in gathering these statistics: the lack of a standard definition of what constitutes a library. If a family owns the melodies of "Mother Goose," is that to be counted one book, weighing as much in the numerical scale as the "Novum Organon," or the "Mécanique Céleste?" And if "Mother Goose" be not counted worthy to be enrolled in the national literature, is all juvenile literature to be omitted? And what shall we say of pamphlets? If unbound, is each one to be counted a volume, while the next library contains large store of pamphlets, bound in volumes, at the rate of ten pamphlets to a volume. That this question of children's books is a serious and practical one is evident from the fact that, of the 56,015 public libraries in the country, 33,580, or decidedly more than half, belong to Sunday-schools! In all probability, these schools have returned as one book every volume on their shelves. This class of libraries shows the extent to which the churches have provided for the religious reading of their children. It is creditable to the common-school education of this country that the children read so much. But nearly all of these eight million volumes in the Sunday-school libraries are elementary and juvenile in their nature, and to be unused at a period of more mature mental growth.

There are in the United States fifteen libraries, each of them containing 50,000 volumes or over. The largest is the Congressional,

with over a quarter of a million of volumes and 55,000 pamphlets, and growing at the rate of ten or fifteen thousand a year. The same building contains the library of the House of Representatives, with 125,000 volumes, mostly *Globes* and other governmental publications, and the Senate Library with 25,000 more. So that the Capitol contains within its walls some 400,000 books, of which one-third are duplicates. Next in size to the Congressional Library are the Boston Public and Harvard University Libraries, with over 200,000 each. New York follows, with 150,000 in the Mercantile Library, and 145,000 in the Astor. Yale just arrives to 100,000 volumes of books and 25,000 pamphlets. Of these fifteen libraries of over 50,000 volumes each, the State of New York contains five, Massachusetts four, Washington two, and Connecticut, Maryland, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, one each.

As a general rule, the largest collections of valuable books in this country are associated with our literary institutions. These libraries are nearly fifteen thousand in number, with more than three and a half million books in them. They show the tendency of minds seeking culture to find it in the great thoughts of other days. Institutions for raising scholars must have large stores of scholarly works. First in the country comes Harvard, with over 200,000 books and 130,000 pamphlets. Then come thirty-three other institutions, the smallest library of which is 10,000 volumes. Fifty-two colleges and universities have large and valuable libraries attached to them.

The most creditable fact in this history of books is the rapid growth of libraries, free to all the citizens of the municipality. There are 1,101 of these town or city libraries in this country, with 1,337,430 volumes in them. This is an average of 1,100 books to a library. Some of these collections are valuable, worthy of the intelligence of the founder, or of the liberality of the community that taxes itself for their behalf. Among the libraries founded by individual contribution are the two libraries at Baltimore, Maryland, and Peabody, Massachusetts, by George Peabody; one at Hartford, Connecticut, by David Watkinson, with a permanent fund of \$130,000; at Waterbury, Connecticut, by Silas Bronson, with \$200,000; at Ashbury University, Indiana, by James Whitcomb, \$175,000; the Astor, of New York, \$200,000; and many others, with smaller amounts. The leading free library in this country is that of Boston, and its statistics are creditable to that city. Founded by a gift of \$50,000 from Joshua Bates, of London, it has just celebrated its twenty-first birthday, that finds it with 220,000 books and 112,000 pamphlets, valued at \$500,000. Its permanent fund gives it \$7,000 a year; the city taxes itself some \$23,000 a year more; and this \$100,000 enables it to purchase 10,000 books and half as many pamphlets; while 5,000 books, and more than that number of pamphlets, are annually given to it. It commenced with a donation of 26,000 volumes from Mr. Bates. Since that day, the whole or parts of the libraries of Nathaniel Bowditch, Edward Everett, Theodore Parker, and George Ticknor, have been added to it. It is creditable to the liberality of the citizens of Boston that 92,333 of its books are gifts, not purchases. During the past year, the Barton collection—11,000 in number, and especially rich in Shakespeareana and other departments of dramatic literature—has been added, at a cost of \$34,000. In addition to its central office at Boston, it has three branch-offices, at East Boston, South Boston, and Roxbury, where the dwellers in those places can obtain any work they desire, with-

out the trouble of a long walk to the centre of the city. Half a million books are annually taken from this library, of which between sixty and seventy are not returned; but of every 7,000 volumes loaned, without any check but the name of the borrower, 6,999 are returned.

It is a matter of regret that these municipal libraries, free to all, are so far local in their character as to be almost wholly confined to New England, New York, and Michigan. More than four-fifths of this class of libraries are to be found in these eight States.

Of the class of books selected for general reading from these libraries, 75 per cent. are works of fiction. As a general rule, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth or Mrs. Mary Holmes leads the list, followed, at a little distance, by Charles Reade. Dickens is about the fifth in popular estimation, judged by the library statistics, and Bulwer about the twentieth. Scott yet remains sufficiently popular to follow hard after Bulwer. But it must be remembered, in comparing these statistics, that, while Mrs. Southworth and Mrs. Holmes are published only in high-priced editions, Dickens, Bulwer, and Scott, are published in very low-priced editions, which have an immense circulation. People do not go to libraries usually for the works of these authors.

Science and Invention.

AT the March meeting of the Linnæan Society, Sir John Lubbock read a paper on the "Social Hymenoptera," which, from the distinguished position of the author, as well as from the nature of the communication, has received unusual attention. The observations, of which the paper is mainly a record, had especial reference to the habits, senses, and power of communication with one another, of bees, wasps, and ants; and the results are such as to call in question the superior wisdom and so-called instinctive powers of these insects. We briefly condense from this report, leaving naturalists and metaphysicians to combat or reconcile the facts presented. The main object of Sir John's experiments seems to have been to confirm or refute the opinion advanced by Messrs. Kirby and Spence, that ants have a language for communicating ideas to each other, and that of Huber, who, in his "Natural History," states that, "when a single wasp discovers a stronghold of sugar, honey, or other article of food, it returns to its nest, and brings off in a short time a hundred other wasps." Although this act might suggest a language, or definite method of communicating ideas, it is yet possible that the wasps merely follow their more fortunate companions, in which case, as the writer states, the matter is simple enough. "If, on the contrary," he adds, "the others are *sent*, the case would be very different." It was with a view to settle this important point that the following test was made: Having placed some honey at an open window in his sitting-room, where it could be carefully watched, it was observed that, though constantly exposed for several days, no bees came to it. A bee was then brought from the hive in the adjacent garden, and fed with the honey, which it sucked with evident enjoyment for a few moments, and then flew away. But, though it gave no symptoms of alarm or annoyance, it did not return, nor did any other bee come for the honey. This experiment was repeated, with like results eight times. After a variety of kindred tests with honey-bees, the results of which were the same, he began the observations of

wasps. Though not doubting that, when one wasp has discovered and is visiting a supply of syrup, others are apt to come too, the observations with bees inclined him to the opinion that they merely follow one another, and are not directly informed, either by signs or language, of the location or nature of the distant plunder. "For instance," he states, "on September 19th, when a marked wasp paid more than forty visits to some honey, only one other specimen came to it during the whole day. Both these wasps returned on the 20th, but not one other. The 21st was a hot day, and there were many wasps about the house, but only five others besides the marked ones came to the honey." The watching of these marked wasps enabled the observer to note the following interesting general facts regarding their habits: They spent three minutes in obtaining their supply of sweets, and then flew straight to their nest, returning in about ten minutes, and thus making, like bees, about five journeys an hour. During September they began at six o'clock in the morning, and continued to work, without intermission, till dusk, being equally industrious as, and working more hours than, bees. When wasps are observed, as is often the case, idling in our rooms, he believes that they have simply lost their way, a fact that was established by direct experiment. Referring to the view generally entertained by entomologists, that the *antennæ* supply the place of ears, he advances an opinion that will be received with question by naturalists and practical bee-raisers. This is that he "could obtain no evidence that wasps heard at all." Having tried them with a shrill pipe, with a whistle, with the violin, and voice, sounded within a few inches of their heads, they continued to feed, being in no wise alarmed or disturbed. It will appear that in this course of experiments the distinguished observer has merely applied the simplest of tests; and hence he may justly expect to have his views combated or confirmed by the general observers. If there be any of these, particularly bee-raisers, who can furnish information on these disputed points, we should be pleased to receive and consider their communications.

The student of science as well as the "general reader" having become used to the word "protoplasm," without which the modern biologist might be at a loss to make himself understood, their attention is now invited to a second and kindred term, for which we bespeak at the outset a hearty reception. The word is *psychoplasm*, and, as briefly defined by Rev. Dunbar Heath, it means "the material film surrounding the outside surface of the brain." Of course, such a word would be nothing without a theory to back it, and this theory, as briefly though somewhat vaguely reported, is to the effect that what we have been accustomed to call "mind" is not the "central essence of the brain," but the result of the existence of this film called psychoplasm. Lest some over-zealous theorist may be led to premature allegiance to these syllables, we might add that Professor Burk, president of the Anthropological Institute, made the somewhat reasonable objection that "Mr. Heath had furnished no evidence of the existence of the supposed film." The word is a good one, however, and, should it fail of significance in its present connection, possibly its reverend author would part with it in return for some less-questionable theory whose discoverer is in search of a name.

We recently laid before our readers a plan, suggested by French engineers, for converting

the great African Desert into a fruitful garden by turning into its central portion the waters of the Mediterranean. As surveys proved the main level of the desert to be lower than that of the adjacent sea, all that was needed was a canal cut through the elevated coast-line, through which the flood might enter, or rather return to, its old bed. Not to be outdone by our Eastern neighbors, Senator Jones, of Nevada, proposes a similar scheme for the inundation of the Colorado Desert, and the reclaiming of its now desolate acres. It appears that this desert, with certain adjacent valleys, lies from forty to one hundred feet below the level of the Gulf of California; hence all that is needed is a grant from Congress of a few tens or hundreds of millions—be that as it may—and the work is done. That the sea once claimed this desert as its own appears from the shells found on its now barren surface. It is true that there are at present acres enough rich and fertile, and also high and dry; but why not have more? We are a prolific race, and, what with land-grants and Indian raids, our national territory is shrinking rapidly. Possibly, when this new national garden is created, we may expect an appeal to the cremationists for cargoes of the dust of our ancestors, wherewith to fertilize and enrich it.

In view of recent active measures to protect and increase the growth of timber in this country, a few facts regarding a single source of consumption may be of interest. The number of railroad-ties now laid in the United States is estimated at one hundred and fifty millions. As two hundred ties are regarded as a good cut to the acre, this first supply requires the clearing of seven hundred and fifty thousand acres. Furthermore, as a tie lasts but five years, over thirty millions, or one hundred and fifty thousand acres, of them are needed each year for repairs only. These facts are not given to alarm, but rather to induce inventors or engineers to devise some satisfactory substitute. We have already noticed the fact that certain Prussian engineers had professed to dispense with the wooden tie by using rails of greater depth, which were to be furnished with a broad flange at the bottom, and connected across by iron rods. The scarcity of timber in Egypt has already effected a desired improvement in this direction, and the rails on the road from Alexandria to Cairo are kept from sinking by the use of broad saucer-shaped plates, to which the rails are bolted.

A large iron steamship has been launched near Newcastle-on-Tyne which is to bear the name of *The Faraday*. It was built for Messrs. Siemens Brothers, and intended for laying submarine cables, particularly that of the Atlantic Cable of the Direct United States Cable Company. The vessel is three hundred and sixty feet long, fifty-two feet beam, thirty-six feet deep, and measures five thousand tons gross register. The peculiar feature of the vessel are the three great cable-tanks, constructed of plate-iron, and forming a series of double arches supporting the sides of the vessel. It has also a double bottom; the space between them serving as room for water-ballast, so that she can cross the Atlantic with no cargo beyond fuel. There are suitable accommodations for one hundred and fifty persons, including officers, electricians, and crew.

In a recently-published pamphlet, Mr. E. C. Fuller, C. E., proposes to construct an aqueduct from Brighton to London, by means of which the latter city might obtain a continuous supply of salt-water. The *English Mechanic* comments favorably on the scheme,

believing that it might be made to pay, "for, besides the revenue arising from bathers and the sale of water for use at home, it would render possible the construction of a marine aquarium at London." That so great importance is attached to the aquarium is a significant fact, and one which should act as an additional incentive to those who have become interested in our Central-Park aquarium movement.

Contemporary Sayings.

"IF there is any thing in the lecture-system worth saving," says Dr. Holland, in *Scribner's*, "let us save it. Those who know what it used to be, will be glad to see it restored to its old position, and, if they have studied its history, they will conclude, with us, that the starring system must be stopped. The lecture-room must cease to be the show-room of fresh notoriety, at high prices. Men must be called to lecture for the simple reason that they have something to say. The courses must be lengthened, and made in themselves valuable. The pushing, by interested bureaux, of untried men must be ignored or resisted. Men must be called to teach because they can teach, and not because they can do something else. The lecture must cease to be regarded simply as an entertainment."

"That is the best amusement," explains Mr. Frothingham, "that most thoroughly amuses; not that instructs, elevates, purifies, but entertains, making, while it does so, the least possible draught on the mind, feelings, or will. It has no philosophy; it has no ethics; it has no intention, except to spread a genial happiness over the system. It is not in its nature to hurt any living creature; it is against its being to be savage, cruel, or harsh, toward a living thing—man, beast, or insect. It bears no malice; it has no bitterness in its heart; it carries no venom beneath its tongue; it aims no shafts at goodness or worth; its laughter is harmless, its wit sunny, its humor generous. It is a child of light and laughter. Impurity, indecency, indelicacy, it holds in aversion. It promotes good-will, disarms evil temper, dispels rancor, exercises fear, and puts the mind in sweet relation with the world of fortune and mankind."

"Whatever," says a writer in *Cornhill*, "the actual geographical results of Livingstone's last efforts may be, they cannot heighten or lessen our admiration of the hardihood and heroism which he has manifested throughout his whole life. Such a life, if I may venture to paraphrase a well-known sentence, is certainly open to criticism, but it is nevertheless always above it. He had his faults and failings, as what man has not?—they do but identify him with all mankind; but, dominating all that was less than great in his nature, and raising him high above most men, was the noble, self-sacrificing motive which was the true main-spring of his life, and which urged him to deeds that give him rank with our greatest and worthiest."

The London *Economist* says, *à propos* of Prince Bismarck's ill-health: "There is one extremely vulgar, or, at all events, unromantic argument against Caesarism, or personal government of any kind, of which we are convinced the world does not take enough account, and that is the liability of the person to fall sick, and sick with disease which does not always betray itself. . . . And we shall not wonder in the least if many of the signs which have marked Prince Bismarck lately—his irritability, his unprovoked but dangerous bitterness of speech, his restlessness about difficulties, and particularly about the papacy—were due in large measure to an undeveloped fit of gout."

"Colonel John Hay's literature," writes a correspondent, "has hurt him less than any man that I know. In the first place, no man ever looked less like a man of letters than the colonel. His face is round and rosy, and his nose is small, and, if speaking of any less dignified person, I should say inclined to pug. His mustache is rather fierce, and turns up at the ends; and he wears his hair, I am sorry to say, like a barber's assistant—brought low down upon the forehead, and brushed up suddenly

at the sides. Always well dressed, and scrupulously neat, judging by appearances alone, one would guess any thing else before literature as his profession."

"The tomahawk style of criticism," says the "Easy Chair" of *Harper's*, "may repress real power, but it cannot reduce the volume of folly. A delicate, susceptible, imaginative poet, who reads the bitter and contemptuous remarks upon some well-meaning but foolish brother singer, may shrink and shrink from launching away, and die with all his music in him. But Mutton Suet has none of that feeling. Gibes and sneers give him no apprehensions, and he will pipe as foolishly as the derided brother."

In a recent speech, Sir Henry Thompson noted the fact that all men of action, whether educated or not, require a foil of some kind to their hours of blank toll, and went on to say that, if you take away liquor from the working-man, you must put in its place some agent of amusement which will give the elevation of spirit and buoyancy of heart furnished by alcohol. He holds, therefore, that on all days, and especially on Sundays, coffee-houses, reading-rooms, libraries, museums, and picture-galleries, should be thrown open to laborers.

The "Easy Chair" of *Harper's* claims that the extravagance of Dickens is no necessary bar to the immortality of his works, pointing out that there is nothing more extravagant in literature than "Don Quixote." It says that formal types will not survive; only persons created by imaginative insight are immortal in literature, and quotes from Bulwer the sentiment, "We must inquire of art not how far it resembles what we have seen, so much as how far it embodies what we can imagine."

The *Spectator*, in an article on the Ashantee War, gives Sir Garnet Wolseley the highest praise. "Through every obstacle, Sir Garnet, like Lord Napier, tramped steadily on, foreseeing every thing, calculating every thing, sweeping away every thing—were it jungle, or warriors, or the passive resistance of his human beasts of burden—straight to Coomassie, and to the conclusion of the enterprise settled in his own mind. The march was a wonderful feat of skill and daring."

"Whatever," says a writer in the *Galaxy*, "the intimacy may be in France, there is a certain reserve observed toward those who are not of the family; there are certain corners which remain impenetrable, a certain veil which is never lifted. Frenchmen who have traveled in America are struck with the absence of this feature there, where the father or the mother, on a slight acquaintance, takes a stranger into the bosom of the family with unsuspecting candor."

The *Academy* gives, from a new novel, "Judith Gwynne," the following extract: "The promenades, picture-galleries, morning-concerts, flower-shows, and other carefully-organized and admirably got-up hypocrites, with which good society vells its Mokanna-like visage of hideous despair." "Here," says the *Academy*, "the grandiosity of the image—Society veiling its face with a carefully-organized picture-gallery—sets ordinary criticism at defiance."

Mr. Stedman, writing of Tennyson, in *Scribner's*, says: "Years ago, when he was yet comparatively unknown, an American poet, himself finely gifted with the lyrical ear, was so impressed by Tennyson's method, that, 'in perfect sincerity,' he pronounced him 'the noblest poet that ever lived.' If he had said 'the noblest artist,' and confined this judgment to lyrics of the English tongue, he possibly would have made no exaggeration."

The *Boston Traveller*, speaking of a recent portrait of young Napoleon, says that "it shows him to be a very pretty fellow indeed. We should think that, though not likely to become emperor of the French, he might become king of hearts. But hearts are not trumps in French politics, the spade (which is the sword) taking the odd trick and winning the game on the board around which are seated the politicians of France."

"Authors," declares the *Spectator*, "are very cruel, especially, if we may be allowed the bull, authoresses. In old times tales and romances ended, for the most part, well; nowadays they almost always end unsatisfactorily, if not badly. We

suspect that novelists revenge themselves on unfriendly critics, public-spirited librarians, and unappreciative readers, by taking this mean advantage of them with malice aforethought."

Dr. Beard is of opinion that the intellect reaches its maximum development at the age of forty, after which it begins to decay. He not only thinks that men lose intellectual power after this age, but that they become worse, often much worse, as they become older; that they lose their moral enthusiasm, or moral courage, or capacity of resisting temptation and enduring disappointment, and frequently sink into senile debauches.

"Is it," says *Every Saturday*, "that the rage for celebrating centennials is a recent madness, or was the world a hundred years ago chiefly occupied in providing great men? It may be that the needs of popular magazines, in search of subjects, were kindly considered, but it is a little difficult to construct an enthusiasm which is based on such an arithmetical foundation."

An average dashing duck of a New-York belle, it is averred by some profane person, will consume at a ball-supper a plate of stewed oysters, a brick of lobster-salad, a quart or so of stewed terrapin, and unknown quantities of jellies, ices, and other such delicacies that are always in season.

"All the men," says the *Boston Traveller*, "who were killed on board the *Tigress*, except the two engineers, were sleeping on the boiler that exploded—a dangerous practice, and not to be commended." We shall recollect. Sleeping on boilers was never to our taste, however.

The editor of the *Danbury News* declares that he is not engaged to lecture next winter; he feels more like lecturing last winter. We don't know any thing that more needs lecturing than the present spring.

"The most difficult thing to reach is a woman's pocket, especially if the dress is hung up in a closet, and the man is in a hurry," says the *Danbury News*; but the women themselves have a different opinion on the subject.

Some one asks Mr. Beecher for his "opinion in full," whether it is right to sell articles at a fair by lottery; whereupon Mr. Beecher replies: "Opinion in full—No."

The Record.

A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

APRIL 16.—Steamer *Amite*, from New Orleans for Pensacola, sunk by collision with the steamer *Reliance*; no lives lost. Four canal-boats sunk in the Delaware by steamer *Illinois*, from Philadelphia for Liverpool.

Advices from Little Rock, Arkansas: Joseph Brooks, who claims to have been elected governor, took forcible possession of the governor's office, ejecting Governor Baxter by force. The election took place in 1878; was contested; and since that time the question has been in the courts. Governor Baxter has established his headquarters at St. John's College, and has appealed to the General Government for support.

Death, at Charlestown, Mass., of Joeliah Warren, author of works on social science; aged sixty-four.

APRIL 17.—The Pacific Steam Navigation Company's steamer *Tacna* wrecked on the 14th ultimo; nineteen lives lost.

A terrific gale in the English Channel during the last three days; many vessels, names unknown, lost, with all on board.

William B. Washburn elected United States Senator from Massachusetts to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Sumner.

The water in the Mississippi still very high. Several new crovasses reported on Louisiana plantations.

Advices from Central and South America: President Guardia has again assumed the presidency of Costa Rica. Another attempt at revolution was made at Lima, Peru, on the 16th ultimo, but the plot was discovered, and the ringleaders are in irons. The government of Bolivia has, without consulting Chili, ordered its engineers to mark out the twenty-third parallel as the line of demarcation between the two republics.

APRIL 18.—Remains of Dr. Livingstone deposited in Westminster Abbey.

Advices from Madrid: Active operations resumed before Bilbao. General Manuel de la Concha in command of a corps of Serrano's army.

Advices from Arkansas: The claimant Brooks in possession of the State-House. Many volunteers have reinforced Governor Baxter, who threatens to surround the State-House and cut off supplies.

APRIL 19.—Spanish bark *Enlalia*, from New Orleans for San Sebastian, wrecked near the latter port.

Advices from Spain: The Carlist General Sabala and staff captured near Vich, but Sabala, with some of his officers, subsequently escaped.

Advices from South America: A rupture between the Argentine Republic and the government at Montevideo, caused by President Sarmiento having arbitrarily closed the river Uruguay against vessels from Oriental ports.

APRIL 20.—Advices from Madrid: General Concha has disembarked ten thousand troops at Santanar; the Carlists to be attacked simultaneously at different points. The Carlists in the north of Spain have organized a regular cabinet: General Elio, Minister of War; Admiral Vinatea, Minister of Foreign Affairs; and Señor Final, Minister of Finance and the Interior.

The British House of Commons vote General Wolseley a grant of twenty-five thousand pounds.

Advices from Japan: The troops dispatched to the south gradually returning. The most important of the rebel leaders escaped from Saga in a small steamboat; one has been seized, the others, including Yeto, are at large. A disastrous fire at Yokohama, March 12th.

Large fire at New Glasgow, N. S.; forty-three buildings burned.

The whole country, between Monroe and the Red River, La., under water; ten thousand persons destitute.

Advices from Arkansas: Baxter constantly receiving reinforcements. The United States Government troops exerting all their power to prevent a collision.

Deaths: On the 14th instant, at Tarboro, N. C., ex-Governor Clark, of North Carolina; at Rio Janeiro, March 26th, the Duchess de Caxias, wife of Duke de Caxias, the generalissimo of the Brazilian forces during the Paraguayan War.

APRIL 21.—Advices from Madrid: Report that the supply of food of the Carlist forces at Bilbao is exhausted. The Carlists have been compelled to abandon their positions at Portugalite and San Turco.

Advices of a revolt in Venezuela. Governor Fulgar, of Maracaibo, has declared against President Blanco, and fled into the interior.

Advices from Arkansas: Fighting in the streets of Little Rock, between the Brooks and Baxter men, but United States troops interfered before much damage was done.

APRIL 22.—Congressional bill, for increasing legal-tender issue to \$400,000,000, and national bank-note currency to same amount, voted by President Grant.

Reports from Aceh say the Dutch troops have been repulsed.

Cuban General Gomez attacked San Miguel de Nuevitas on the 12th ultimo; entered the town, but was driven out, losing ten men.

Advices from Venezuela that the Governor of Maracaibo has been driven from his province by the people.

Trace between the gubernatorial contestants in Arkansas; Baxter, in a letter to President Grant, agrees to refer the question at issue to the Legislature, and convenes an extra session of that body.

Notices.

TEN YEARS OLD.—Ten years ago, the first day of April, 1864, the TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY issued its first policy. Since then it has written over three hundred thousand accident policies, and continues to write them at the average rate of one hundred per day. It has paid the claims of its accident policy-holders to the number of nearly twenty thousand, and disbursed among them about two millions in cash. It has also written eighteen thousand five hundred full life policies, and occupies an honorable rank among sound and progressive American life companies.

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